

Insights I

The First Day Of The New Year

The same as the last day of the old year
Not much has changed
Or
But maybe over the year?

I have the feeling
A new round begins
Have to forget the job topic
Writing and art and learning Portuguese has to be the main focus

Have bought me a Portuguese course, intensive
And got it yesterday
Have the CDs in my car now
I can listen to them while driving

I can hear the same conversations and words again and again
I have to get used to the language
Lesson one for next two weeks or so
That's the idea

Maybe up to lesson three or four until the next vacation?
Would be enough
Learning some phrases in Portuguese that I often use
Not more for the beginning

I have to establish the new part of the webpage today
To start with writing tomorrow
I have a lot in mind that could be written
But step after step will be okay

Let's do it, darling. I have never ever loved you like I love you today, sweetie.

First Day

Second of the year
First of real writing
But no reason to hurry
The long weekend will be the right start

Some first steps today
Not more
Not more will be necessary
A start with a steady hand – it will be a long-distance race

I feel good for the first day.

Satisfied

With the second day
At work and at home
Yeah,
Also this year, the tiredness and headache stays

But I have still the feeling
That it gets better
Slowly but constantly
Excited to be in Matosinhos soon again

Have booked already a room
Next week maybe the flight
Thought on TAP this time
But the feedback isn't good

So,
German stewardesses again
Well,
The Portuguese stewardesses I saw at OPO.....

Yeah,
Not politically correct
But,
What about "The Portuguese Stewardess"?

Whatever,
It's near eight o'clock
Would have still time to write
But I will get on with learning Portuguese

Desculpe aeromoças portuguesas, sou apenas um velho burro.

The Next

Good day
I plan a jazz club day tomorrow
For this,
There should be no upload tomorrow

But Friday, a holiday
A long weekend comes
To start with the new writing rightly
Especially ""2050" and "Memories"

Okay,
If this continues.....
But I still keep in mind
Part-time (four days, even less) working à la carte, I would earn the same or more than now

It would be maybe an alternative
But I'm not sure
But it's always good to see alternatives
But if this job develops suchlike furthermore, then I will need no alternative

I feel more and more grounded nowadays.

The Long Weekend

Jazz yesterday
Was good
Many reasons
Some hassle at the workplace

I have to clear up some relations
I pushed the issue, with an email to my employer
I, the one who always doubted
I have to be more self-confident

Will have lunch now
Holiday in Germany
My father eats, every Friday, fish in a small restaurant in town
I will join him today

I will start with writing afterward
Have three days
For the real beginning of the new writing
We will see

Was good, to listen to jazz yesterday.

Beautiful Escape

You seemed to be a beautiful escape, but I realized only too well that you were not much more than a beautiful trap. About what did I talk?

Well, one could mean about a woman. But hey, was this my style? Her hard cherry-red nipples hardened my cock only even more, I got aroused beyond every limit! Would I write such a nonsense, I could, straight away, also write about sixty-three shades of shite-braun. No, it was much more complex.

It was that complex.....at least I had problems to understand it. Maybe someone else was smarter, and some claimed so, but all the time I looked at what those had said and written, it appeared as trivial or even pure nonsense to me, cocky bullshit. It seemed to me that others were also not more clever, only pretended to be.

You seemed to be
A beautiful escape
But then I had to realize
That only a beautiful trap you were

You offered a simple solution
All seemed to be so easy
All the burdens blown away
Only have to embark on you

When everything seems to be dove gray
Sometimes even something creamy colored seems to be bright
Like a bright blue sky
Like bright shining stars at night

But in fact
It's still only creamy
No bright blue
Or glimmering electric blue

We're not interested in the core
Only staring at the surface
The cover of the book
Even if the inside would be so interesting, fascinating, enlightening

No
Even if so appealing
So beautiful
So attracting

Only
A trap
You are
Even if a beautiful one

Surrealistic Pillow

The Pillow

"Why I should lay my head on this pillow?" I asked the crazy and stupid looking man, with this idiotic hat, with this nonsensical slip.

"Because it's not simply a pillow, it's the Surrealistic Pillow. I have told you this often enough now". He seemed a bit annoyed.

"Okay, but – by the way, do I know you? Something with music?"

"Not again, I'm not the guy from this music video! Ah shit, I'm the guy in a way, but I'm the original, and he was only a boring copy – can we concentrate on the important now?"

Now he was definitely annoyed, and I heard Tom Petty singing.

"And what would be "the important"?"

This would make him ultimately mad, I thought.

"Okay, I try it again. You put your head on the pillow, wonderful dreams will comfort you. Is this so

hard to understand?"

"Yeah, but, apart from the obvious problem, this sounds too good to be true. Why I should trust you?"

"Would you trust the guy from the music video?"

"The musician as such, or the character he plays?"

"It's so hard with you, me of course – gosh, I mean the character of course."

"Have you ever seen the music video? - No, do not answer, this was a rhetorical question. The answer: Never ever I would trust this guy, therefore you! Have you ever seen the video?"

Silence – he looked at me, sore looking.

"This time it was obviously no rhetorical question," I started, "this time it was a real question, obviously."

"The rabbit is responsible for this stuff. By the way, where is he? Rabbits are never ever there when you need them!"

"Haven't you said something about a girl in a nice dress with long blond hair?" I asked innocently.

"You fucking pervert, you know how old she is. She's an innocent little girl."

He seemed to believe in this?

"Well, the one who created her.....nude photos of young girls? And when thinking of the classic porn movie with her, she's full-aged then. The Japanese like her – okay, that's maybe not the best argumentation."

I had the feeling that I had taken the wrong junction, might be that I should change topic?

"Let us stick with the obvious," I looked at him, and he seemed to be willing to follow me. "Let us stick with the obvious," I repeated myself, "this pillow is much too large for my head – by the way, on what way I came here to this place? Haven't I asked you this before?"

"At least ten times or so," he seemed to be bored, "you are dreaming, this is your Dreamland."

"But this looks like Wonderland to me," now I get him, I thought.

"Why I have to do this, is it not hard enough without such guys?" he looked at me.

"I....."

"This has been a rhetorical question, I even need no rabbit for that. Is it so hard to understand? You are in your Dreamland right now, and this is Wonderland. You are in your Dreamland in Wonderland for the moment. In this moment, your Dreamland, and Wonderland, are the same. Did you get it now?"

Now he seemed to be pissed off.

"Okay....."

I had the feeling by now, that it would be better not to tease him even more. Even if this was my Dreamland, I was in his Wonderland, and I wasn't sure to what he was capable in this situation.

"Okay, let's be serious, the pillow is still gigantic. All is gigantic here, you are gigantic. I'm even not able to climb on the pillow, that large it is. The longer I ponder about it, the larger it gets!"

"Don't panic, I thought that you have read the story. You know, the story from the man with the naked girls....."

He twinkled, I thought it would be better to ignore it.

"And also the second part, both."

"Fine, then you are prepared."

Saying these words, he had suddenly a gigantic bottle in his hand – I had the feeling that with every word I decreased in size. I was maybe not large at the beginning, but now I felt like a little insect, an insect he could kill easily with his thumb. Would have had it been better, not being that aggressive earlier on? But then I had felt much larger. I saw his gigantic lough, or was it that from the cat? Whatever, the bottle got uncorked, started to pour out, a single unbelievable huge drop started to fall down on me. The drop would slay me, I thought, I would drown in it – the drop hit me, I screamed! Why did I scream? As far as I knew, I liked drowning. Then all got dark.

The next I can remember was, I woke up! But no, I looked around, and saw nothing – was it possible to "see nothing"? But I saw nothing, but this sharpened obviously my other senses, I heard a soft sound. I looked down, then I saw it, everything around me was suddenly tiny tiny, and I had

nearly stepped on the man with the silly head. I was a monolithic giant now, it would be a breeze for me right now to.....I should keep my dark side under control. And I should be clever, what was a cinch for me. I started therefore to whisper tenderly.

"I fear that this went wrong, I can still see the pillow, very tiny, but put my head on it? Will be now not easier than before, only for another reason." I had problems not to laugh, what would have been obviously a big problem for the tiny man, standing like a little insect in front of me.

"If - if - you have read the story," I had some problems to understand him, "then you know the game."

He held another bottle in his hand now, reached it to me – he looked funny in a way. Why not mocking him a bit more?

"Yeah, but there's this other song – don't do anything at all, it's said."

Now he lost the rest of his patience, at least as far as I could see – he was so tiny tiny, like a tiny little mouse.

"Hey, this is your fucking dream! Take the pillow or not, I have better things to do!"

Well, now I started to ponder. My dreams already often strange, if not weird. But with a surrealistic pillow, possibly The Surrealistic Pillow? I should not exaggerate it.

"Okay, sorry," I said to calm everything down, "but it will be difficult now to drink from this little tiny bottle."

I used two fingers to grab the bottle, cautiously, doing everything not to hurt him, and of course, not to destroy the bottle. As I had the bottle between my fingers, I nearly could no longer see it. I pondered about to simply swallow the bottle, but then I tried to pour the content on my tongue. I had the feeling that I could feel some wetness on my tongue, but nothing happened – do I started to wake up? Not now! Not before putting my head on the pillow! Then suddenly all got dark again.

I opened my eyes, back in fucking boring reality again? But then I saw the man with his hat, now understanding the price tag as well as the date. And then I saw the rest of the.....people standing around. The caterpillar, the scary queen and her nicer king, the mouse and the dodo, ever second I saw more and more of them. And of course, there was the cat, in complete, and the White Rabbit. Alice, you ask? Yeah, also she was there, but not looking like the ridiculous Tim Burton Alice, but like the original character. The man with the hat started to address me.

"Well, it was a big deal of work. But ultimately, you're here, just like we need you – and please, do not stare all the time at Alice, she only will kiss me, The Mad Hatter!"

"Okay, I have the Internet, in this boring other world at least. And now, now I shall lay my head on the pillow? The Surrealistic Pillow?"

"Yes, it's time now, night nearly over. We have to hurry a bit."

I did as told and laid my head on the pillow, awaiting what would happen now, 'cause it was a surrealistic pillow – but then I woke up. I was heavily disappointed, as far it had been a nice dreaming. Well, not necessarily that surrealistic, but so far, I had yet still not laid my head on this magic pillow, only my normal pillow in bed. It was one of these moments, not always, but often, this deep disappointment to have gotten the answer after waking up: What is Dreamland, what is reality. Why not this crazy world could be reality, and this boring and disappointing part only a fucking dream? I wished that I could sleep for the rest of my life, only living in Dreamland from now on, resting my head on the Surrealistic Pillow, as I heard a very faint voice:

*Do away with people blowin' my mind
Do away with people wastin' my precious time
Take me to a simple place
Where I can easily see my face
Take me to a circus tent*

*Know I love you baby, yes I do
Know I love you baby, yes I do*

Could it be that.....no, I was too rational, I was, unfortunately, able to distinct between dream and reality.

P.S.: 3/5 of a Mile in 10 Seconds; Jefferson Airplane; Surrealistic Pillow

Surrealistic Pillow

Have started at somewhat after 7 PM with it
But not finished it before 9 PM
Will upload it tomorrow
It's 10:16 PM now

I have still to proofread it
But the next major step
Only "2050" is left now
Then I can start with the actual writing

The first day of the long weekend was very productive
Next day tomorrow
Bar on Saturday
I do not think so

I should start with graphic art
And with the article for Substack
But, so far, good improvement for the first week of the new year
Yeah baby, I love you, I do

Next day tomorrow!

Everything Started Now

The preface for "2050" finished
"Surrealistic Pillow" last evening
I have started with everything now
All is opened up

Well,
Seems to become a clear night
Then observing of course
Then tomorrow will be the first day of writing as such

I feel somewhat disorientated
Still hanging with the gone writing
Not really begun with the new
Not really attached to the new one

But I have the feeling to be on a good track.

Clouds

Light clouds everywhere
And the moon
No observing possible
No bar either

Have slept a bit
But no observing possible
I started with writing therefore
"Memories"

The writing as such begins now
"Memories", I have to write "explanatory" paragraphs occasionally
I wrote one now
The rest will follow

Let the show begin, it will be mine!

Last Day

Of the long weekend
I'm very satisfied so far
But also somewhat exhausted
Have some headache

But okay
I have done what planned
Okay,
Still nothing for "Graphic Art"

But apart from that
Everything has started now
A day to take a deep breath
Next week most likely crucial for the job

However, I have plan B
And plan C
I can increasingly concentrate on art
It functions better and better

Plans for today?
Some writing
But not more
Letting loose

And now? - Well.....uma meia-de-leite, por favor.

No, Not Today

No further writing today
I have decided
I feel empty
And I need to know what my email – job – will yield

I will take a shower now
Very early to bed
6:54 PM
Upload very soon

I see everything in front of me
Except of what job I will have until retirement
I have to try to clarify this
Would give me the ultimate calm

But
Still
Compared to twelve months ago
I feel much more self-confident, grounded, and positive

The future can come, I'm standing right here.

Somewhat Bumpy

Needed some time to find the mood to start with writing
Today
But I have written some at the end
I get more and more proper access to the new writing

I have the feeling that "2050" and "Memories" could become very interesting
"Days" I will continue soon
I should start with "Graphic Art"
This working topic becomes suddenly so totally uninteresting

It's the ninth day of the new year today
I have learned some Portuguese
Numbers and I can order something
Saying hello and goodbye

If I imagine
I have still seven years time
To speak Portuguese
To be a real artist

Come on, seven more years?
If the progress from 2021/22 to 2022/23 only continues
This feels arousing
But I see disruptions

But
And this is the difference
Twelve months ago
Today

I see the possible disruptions
But I see no longer reasons why they should thwart
That I can reach my aims
I'm too strong now

Will this continue?
Well, who knows the future?
And, why not?
Be a bit positive!

Well, not good, but better, better and better, that's what count.

A New Routine

I should open up three files
At the beginning of writing
"Insights", "Comments" and "Memories"
At the workdays Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday (Thursday jazz club)

The first task is to continue with these three writings, the mandatory task
The other three are a "can be" then
Will not function today
But I intend to do so tomorrow

Progress
I see progress
I feel better
Physically also, what's important

A good upwards trend the last two months or so
Tiredness and headache
I see some sparks
But by far no fire

Matosinhos in March has to be the next important step
It would be very fascinating to be in Matosinhos again
And coming back
I have the feeling that this could become a real groundbreaking momentum

Only ten days are gone, I look ahead very positively right now.

Start

Start to write
Again better as yesterday
Jazz club tomorrow
No writing on Thursdays as prior last year

I have absolutely no idea whereto this all will lead
But the confidence to something good and interesting
Well, possibly a fallacy
But who cares

No,
I have, from now on, simply to continuing with writing and art
Step by step
The rest will happen by itself

In a way tired, maybe I should not be so interested in the news.

Friday I

Jazz club yesterday
A big band on stage
A very crowded stage
But they managed it well

Bosch Big Band
Not necessarily my jazz
But was perfect
Second week in a row

Matters are stabilizing
Apart from the job topic
Most likely some clarification next week
But anyway

There will be a way in very way
Monday until Wednesday writing
Thursday jazz club
Well, Friday, I have had not so much sleep

Okay, writing of course
But also a day to switch from workweek to weekend
A day to take a pause for a moment
Not to write as much as possible

But Saturday and Sunday should be days of art
Yes, writing of course
But, also the other arts
Seems a good way for me

Let's see how Saturday and Sunday will unfold.

Friday II

Okay, did the necessary writing
Did the mandatory work
Okay, for more I wasn't capable to today
Next Friday I should do better

I feel very eased right now
Nearly I have the feeling a little bit too much
Would I have said not that long ago
But why the fuck I should do it today?

Give me some freaky dreams, I will go early to bed today!

A New Mandatory Task

I see that I have to structure my efforts on art even more
New rules
Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday will also get one of the major story allocated
Apart from "Insights", "Comments", and "Memories"

Because it's arbitrary
Monday – "Days"
Tuesday – "Arnold"
Wednesday – "2050"

I have still to decide Friday, Saturday, and Sunday
"Insights", "Comments" and "Memories" on Friday in any case
Saturday and Sunday?
We will see

All develops further on.

Surrealistic Pillow

On My Way Home From Lübeck

I sat in my car, my small car, concentrated, the freeway entrance ramp near Lübeck, to enter the freeway southwards back home. Well, I was not sure about, where I came from, most likely from Heiligendamm. But, I had to drive home because I had to work tomorrow again. But, the time I drove this freeway in that direction I worked in Heiligendamm – that would make no sense, to drive home southwards, when having to work in Heiligendamm, at the Baltic Sea, tomorrow again? I tried to remind where I worked right now, but got no answer, and I had to concentrate not to miss the freeway entrance ramp.

Yeah, I had to concentrate, maybe some will laugh about me now. German freeways, well-structured as everything in Germany (a mere lie and myth), why then someone "had to concentrate" not to miss it? Assumed I would come from Heiligendamm.

You would leave the town, Heiligendamm, towards the freeway heading to Lübeck, a long extremely straight road. A bit like an American road, in the former communist GDR. You would hit the freeway after a while, and it would be effortless to enter the freeway, no problem at all. And now, straight away to Lübeck? Yeah, that was the issue in the days I used this freeway because you did not reach Lübeck in that way! The freeway had been built until Lübeck, but could not be used. One had to leave the freeway again, before reaching Lübeck, and had to use normal roads. And then the difficulty started. The way from where you had to leave one freeway, to reach the freeway that would bring you home finally, was very difficult. You had also to drive through the outskirts of Lübeck, and some interesting roads. Managed this, one could enter the freeway southwards – why did I tell you that? I'm not sure, I simply pondered about where I had come from.

Whatever, more or less I had found my way, ready to enter the freeway again, I had only to hit the right track. Three – or four? — lanes, not all would be right, suddenly I realized, I was on the second lane counted from the right, but I had to use the third, counted from the right. I managed it, in the last second, driving over grass somewhat, to change track – it looked in a way like when driving to Würzburg. Four lanes, but to reach Würzburg one had in fact to use the second from the right, the third would be wrong then, I had made that mistake once. But I was not on my way to Würzburg, instead back to Bad Friedrichshall, therefore, the third from the right was the right track for now.

On the right track now, the lane to my left was for the approaching traffic – at least I thought so! But, both lanes got used by approaching traffic – had I made a mistake after all? An interesting fact was, that I did not crash with one of the cars on my lane, the always disappeared before the crash – or whatever, and the street got steeper and steeper. And steep means steep, the road was now as steep as you would enter a looping, as suddenly something grabbed my car. Well, I was not sure but something lifted my car, I saw some kind of metallic struts, a cage or so around my car, my small car, I was in the air! What happened then? An interesting question!

My car on a car transporter, suddenly, I stood aside, and a man in front of me, most likely the driver of the car transporter. I asked him what the shit was this, what had happened to me and my small little car. He explained that I could not use the freeway for not clearly explained reasons. He would have to drive my car back to my home, sad, but I would have to accept this. I started to get angry, thought about the costs, as I discovered that I was in a restaurant, the kitchen. Well, as a cook I did what you have to do, I put my uniform on and started to cook.

Okay, to make it no longer as needed, I will not go into details regarding this part, the cooking. But I met some people, and we came to the point, that my car would be on a car transporter – this is only profiteering, the man said to me. I did not see his face, but he seemed very familiar to me.

"You mean, I could drive home?"

"Yes, of course. The freeway is open, but they always try to trick people, especially if not from here."

"What shall I do now?"

"Go to him and tell him that you want to have your car back. It's as easy as that."

Okay, I said, and we went to the man with the transporter. "We" meant the man, me, and some others.

"I wanna have my car back," I told him.

"Well, that's not that easy. We have to unload the vehicle again – I have already some expenses."

"But I have no interest in, to drive with you and my car back home....."

".....oh, sorry, I would only transport your car. You would have to use the train or so back home."

"You mean, I would have to pay you for transporting my car, and I would have to pay extra for a costly train ticket?"

"That's how it functions."

Now I started to get furious.

"Give me my car back! How much is it?"

He told me that it would cost € 46,50, and I was upset about the much money. I looked at the man who stood beside me. He shook his head, and I understood, I would have to give him the money, everything else would be not so much clever.

Well, I took my wallet, and the other one. For whatever reason, I had suddenly two wallets, and the second one looked like a waiter's pouch. But as I opened this wallet, it had only one pocket, filled with an enormous number of coins. I started to burrow in the coins, realized that all the coins were British, the late queen on all of them. I think that I paid him with my ATM card from the other wallet.

"That's sad that you have no further time, that you have to leave us immediately."

"Well, I have to work tomorrow again."

"It's a pity, it would have a pleasure to me to show you my....." — and I did not understand it exactly, but it seemed that he said something like: ".....to show you my "pick'n packs"."

Well, and even if I did have not understood exactly, what name he had named, I saw some stables from afar, as I started to wake up, very similar looking like the no longer existing rabbit hutches of my father. I felt a bit sad, not getting to know, what this "pick'n packs" were in fact.

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A footnote: As I drove to work later, the radio out, I suddenly heard late David Bowie singing:

*Cheena so sound, so titi up this malchick, say
Party up moodge, nanti vellocet round on Tuesday
Real bad dizzy snatch making all the omies mad – Thursday
Popo blind to the polly in the hole by Friday*

*Where the fuck did Monday go?
I'm cold to this pig and pug show
I'm sittin' in the chestnut tree
Who the fuck's gonna mess with me?*

*Girl loves me (Hey, cheena)
Girl loves me
(Girl Loves Me, David Bowie)*

More Days

Friday

"Insights", "Comments", "Memories" mandatory
Not more is mandatory, but of course possible
The day of transition

Saturday and Sunday

"Insights", "Comments", "Memories" optional
"Substack", "Comics", "Graphic Art" mandatory
Starting on tomorrow

"Photography"

Cannot be planned as such
Therefore, no fixed days
Depends on the "motive"

Well,

Observing the variables will be dominant
And all this cannot be totally unflexible
But this structure ensures that on everything will be worked regularly

I think that this can be an excellent basis for this year's working on art.

I Give You My Hand

Lead me to another land
Far, far away from here
I would need the calm
Lying in your arms

You would tell me
That there's always hope
And I would believe you
You would give me a new life

I feel so tired
Tired of everything
Being alive simply to live
Wouldn't that be the ultimate reason?

A world drowning in absurdity
Humans, like maggots at a cadaver
They like the smell
Of rotten flesh

The future of the world? Much hope I can't see.

Sunday

The planning for next week's arts stands
The workweek will become interesting
I'm tired today
Disappointed that I have still this job problem

This week should yield some progress
For the next decision
But at least
Arts is obvious for the year and beyond

Some writing and maybe some more today
But not that much I expect
I push it towards a clarification
More I can't do currently

Tomorrow, on Monday
"Days" will be the additional mandatory writing
I have headache
Feel disorientated today

An afternoon nap wouldn't be bad, I thought.

Calm

Was a calm workday today
At least more than previous ones
Start to concentrate on art finally
Could become an interesting week

Most likely soon in Matosinhos again
Room already booked
I'm impatient
Things do not unfold fast enough!

The eighteenth today
Third week of the new year
I feel like a racing horse in the starting box
I hope that this week will lead to the crucial conversation

Yeah baby, I feel it everywhere, one day I will be a fucking badass artist and writer!

All Done

Well, have worked on everything
"Days", I have dissolved the charts
Now I have to decide where to start
The mornings? The first day? The last day?

But not today
Was a good start today
I can start with the writing when working on "Days" the next time
"Arnold" tomorrow

I look forward to "Arnold"
A longer part it will become
Maybe splitting in two parts
We will see tomorrow

*

Had my Nikon camera in hand today
FE 2
Was a fantastic camera as I bought it
And it's still

Had the shortest exposure time at this time, 1/4000s
It's partially mechanical
It still functions well (mechanical part)
But I have to buy batteries

The plus of such a camera is
That you can work with it
Not many stupid programs, no one needs
But

Well,
I have a webpage
And the camera uses normal film material
I need it digitized for the webpage

Sure
One can digitize "normal" photos
I have to get more information
But I would like to use this camera again

And
The one technique does not exclude the other
Let us see
I need some batteries first

Was a good day today.

The Next Day

"Arnold" today, and the other writing
It seems to function
Not perfectly
But in a satisfying way

"2050" tomorrow
Will become interesting
Some tiredness and headache after taking a shower
But the next step forward – physically – I would say

But, let us begin with today's writing.

Good Writing

Today's writing functioned better than yesterday's writing
Look forward to tomorrow's writing
It's good to plan writing in this way
I have to ponder about Saturday and Sunday potentially again

The road appears straight, broad, and bright. I only have to follow it.

Tomorrow

A conversation at the workplace tomorrow
Should be the crucial conversation
Jazz club tomorrow
No upload of course

I feel good
Better with every day
Physically
And that's so important

I look forward to jazz concerts again
Soon again a bar evening?
Would be important
Important will be the outcome of tomorrow's conversation

This year starts very interesting.

Better And Better

This rhythm seems excellent
Could become very productive
Jazz and no upload tomorrow
And hopefully some decisions about the job

2030, I smile.

Mixed Emotions

Yesterday's conversation
Well, mixed emotions
Was a serene day today
I have to reinvent myself

I have to focus
As the Americans always so nicely say
To be laser focused
Yeah, the jolly Americans

But yeah,
My focus has to be upon art and writing
Who cares about my day job
It's to earn money, to make my living, to finance art and writing

I have the fucking feeling to be on the right track.

Friday

Always a short night because of the jazz club
On Fridays only "Insight", "Comments", and "Memories" mandatory
Everything else can be, but not have to be
This seems to be the best planning for Friday

I have the feeling that I should also give Saturday and Sunday a fixed structure
Both days: "Insights", "Comments", and "Memories" optional
Saturday: "Substack", "Comics" mandatory
Sunday: "Substack", "Graphic Art" mandatory

Does this make sense?
I have to ponder on it the next days
What about the bar day?
I have to reinvent myself

Whatever, I have the fucking feeling to be on the right track.

"täglich"

Sitting "täglich"
First time again
Since a very long time
Wanted to book the flight to Matosinhos

Portishead in the background
Right now
Give me a reason to love you
A woman, just wanna be a woman

The travel agency closes at 2 PM
On Saturdays
I stood in front of
At 2:15 PM

So,
No flight
Have ordered a Greek salad
And of course, a café au lait (no, no meia-de-leite, there's a difference)

*

The salad was good
It's nearly like in the old days
Some years ago
But

I do not live
For the Past
For the future
I do live

I have to buy something
Then I will drive home
Made some photos
In the dawn and later

Have not seen them so far, an upload possibly
Have not found the fitting batteries for the camera so far
But I can buy them online
The digital way so long

I feel drunken, light as a feather.
(P.S.: The Pierces now, Creation, did I miss something?)

Well,.....

Well, not so much writing and art today
Was in Heilbronn for a while
But it was somewhat boring
Well, it's winter, no Italian ice cream and suchlike

Tomorrow, "Comics" and "Graphic Art"?
Have still not begun with an article for Substack
No bar this evening
But on the other hand

The month still not over
And I have done much
Arranged much
Changed much

Dreamt last night
A job interview
Of course, I got the job offered
And then I had a problem

Not really satisfied with this job
But jumping to the next
Would this be clever
Made progress, maybe I have to be more patient?

Well, will write a next email tomorrow
Ask for another conversation
To talk tough about a major topic
I have not talked so far

Right in the news
Jacinda Kate Laurell Ardern resigns
One of the clever ideas in the US
Two terms in office are enough

And I, could it be that I should show more staying power?

Monterey Park

No, I wasn't there
When in Greater Los Angeles
Chinese New Year
Always in Chinatown

But I could be there
February was my months for Los Angeles
Yeah, no details so far
And why one should be upset

Ten most likely Asian Americans are dead
What if one killed ten whities in Bel Air
Or Malibu
Fuck, this would have been white millionaires then

You cannot do this
Kill some Negros or fucking immigrants
Or some white trash
But do not touch the white millionaires

Politicians would have to react then
No army style weapons anymore
For Negros and immigrants
The whities have to be protected

I feel sad
And helpless
Better no longer watching CNN
Being interested in the US

I'm sick of that shit
That we allow wars like in Ukraine
It's fucking
That's what it is

Graphic Art

Worked on painting
Not good enough to upload
But at least I see my mistakes
Next week maybe better

"Comics"?
We will see
I have slept somewhat
Have written a new email

I wish to have a new conversation
To clarify how I can see the possible future of my job
The future as such I see positive
My future

My future?
Tell me my future
I have the feeling, from time to time, that there will be none
Or

When I will be sixty-five
In Matosinhos
Ordering my first café and something sweet, as a citizen
I will freak out

But maybe it all is only a stupid dream.

On My Way To.....

No, not L.A.
Not now
But Matosinhos
Two months from now on

Have booked the flight today
It's time now, to prepare to speak Portuguese
The eighteenth of March I will be there in the evening
That's crazy

German stewardesses
I lust for this wonderful long flights to Los Angeles
Yeah, I'm a fan of aviation also
And do not say now that it's not good for the climate

One fucking oligarch and his superyacht
And I can fly around the world
Maybe we should talk more about them
And how much this one percent pollutes the world

*

Last time in Matosinhos was so formative
This time?
Eight weeks left
And I will get an answer

Would I be braver
Summer season is near
I would search for a job there
It's the EU, it would be easy to work there

But still, there are reasons to stay, to give me a fig leave for my cowardice.

Concerns

Well,
Obviously,
We're not able
To live together

And now?
Germans still mess about combat tanks
Monkey business
Olaf wants to lead, maybe better no new German leader?

Ukraine dies
And Europe a lounge lizard
Ukrainians die
And Europe needs more time to discuss everything

I have problems to concentrate
Too much noise around me
Would like to hover in space
No sounds possible

We will screw it up
Or
But a coward too
I am

It will not function.

Wednesday

Jazz club tomorrow
I ponder on an evening in the bar on Saturday
Still this nerving tiredness
But it's still getting better and better

But I need still some more months
More sun and warmth would be good
Look forward to the sunny summer days
I have the feeling that it will become a good summer

This will become an essential year
The most important after the beginning in 2015
February next month
Most likely an essential month again

I'm proud of what I have achieved the last years, ready to achieve even more.

Memphis, Tennessee

Elvis and whiskey
Yeah, that's Tennessee
White guys and their relish
Niggers at the trees

I do not understand that land
Only more "open-minded" than mine
More openly and more honestly
A shiny beacon, enlightening the world

Tennessee,
The most racist state?
What a joke, most likely not
House Bill 527

Memphis,
I would enjoy it more to live in Germantown
Where everything's so clean
Sluggish Mississippi with the Riverboats, Memphis downtown

I cannot imagine
Living as a former slave
Still not seen as more than a slave
Picking the cotton on the fields

Murdering millions of Jews in gas chambers
January the twenty-seventh
Liberation of Auschwitz
Liberation of the slaves

By the Red Army, the Invincible Russian Army
The 322. Infantry Division of the 60. Army of the I. Ukrainian Front
Commander in Chief Pawel Alexejewitsch Kurotschkin
History can be so sarcastic and cynical

Check

I have started to write an email
To start to check job alternatives
Back to restaurants?
But part-time

Same money as now
Fewer hours
More time for art
I have to check this possibility

The future is wide open.

Camera

Have the batteries now
Everything seems to function well
I would need a film now
And some consulting regarding digitalization of the photos

The shop I bought the camera
No longer, since decades now
The shop I bought my digital camera
No longer, since a shorter time now

Was in Neckarsulm
There was a photo shop
No longer
Fuck, I have to find a place with some know how

Okay, bought a blender shaft at the Media Markt last week
They have also cameras
I walked by
Even SLR cameras

It's sad
There were so many shops everywhere in my youth
Not today
But thanks God, we have fucking shit Amazon today

Do we not see what we lose every day?

Wednesday

As always
Cooking is a very fast business
The email – application – yesterday, Friday
Today, Saturday, I got a phone call from the head chef

Meeting, job interview, on Wednesday (Monday and Tuesday are days off)
Well, they would have employed me the last time, I canceled
Means that I could get the job again
We have to talk about the details

Part-time
Would be the first time working part-time for me
But this could be the basis I search for
Feel better with every day

It would be from April on
Not promptly as normally in cooking
Right after I return from Matosinhos
A sign from above?

An interesting timing in any case
Would give me still two months for recovering and preparation
An interesting timing in any case
Would give me more time for writing

Okay, let's see what Wednesday will yield.

Pondering

I ponder about Wednesday
The job interview
Have made an ideal duty roster
For me

Would give me plenty of time for art and writing
We will see what could be possible
I cannot concentrate on art and writing today
Wednesday will be important

All develops very fast now.

*

The job I have now
I have the feeling
It could have been the searched job for the remaining years
But only nearly

It's the problem that too many with limited knowledge about the job
Think that they have to tell me how to do it
And that the work as such not really satisfies me
Easy in a way, but boring also

The combination is the killer
At least as long as you have additional opportunities
The working days in the restaurant business are much harder than now
But it would be only four

Well,
Have still some time to ponder about it
Monday and Tuesday the restaurant is closed
Wednesday as additional day off would give me three days off in a row

That has to be one of my points on Wednesday
Jazz club has to be possible
Friday until Sunday "writing through the night" again, if late shift?
Why not?

Let's see what Wednesday will yield.

What To Expect Of Life?

Yeah,
I of my life
Can be of course
The only question

And hey,
Have no answer
Can one have an answer
Or only lying to oneself

*

I have still the feeling that this is an important time
An important stage in my life
The try to become an artist and writer
I feel tired

The last two days I did not feel good
Ate too much
Too many sweet things
But that's okay

Wednesday will be soon
Will give new impulses
Whatever will be the outcome
No writing today

*

I need the time for other matters
The forecast says today will be a clear night
Still light clouds
But this can change

Maybe it would be nice
Observing my stars
I'm sick of always the same
I need change

I need to be patient, it's still just a bet on the future.

Chapter 15

Seems as there could be a "Chapter 15" soon
On Wednesday possibly no upload
This depends on the length of the job interview and my mood then
I concentrate on "Arnold & Maurer" for now

I have mostly Wednesday afternoon in mind the next days
Of course
But some writing, at least
Three days off, see it more and more as a good alternative

The good is that it happens fast
Only tomorrow and then it's Wednesday
I think that I should quit at the end of February
Would cost me money but bestow me time

March,
Two weeks without work at home
Two weeks in Matosinhos afterward
Sounds not that bad

Well,
I would have several days off at Easter at my current job
Back in the restaurant business, it would be a time of a lot of work
Let's see what Wednesday will yield

I lean back and close my eyes
I have to ensure art and writing and Matosinhos
Everything else is secondary
But I need also some calm

I have started to lose weight, two months would give me a broad range of opportunities.

Decisions

Well, the job interview tomorrow
Have noticed that they have very limited opening times currently
A warning signal?
That my ideas are not suitable

On the other hand
I meet the head chef on Wednesday
I doubt that he will be there only for me
A festivity maybe?

Okay, I have to see what tomorrow will yield
I have nothing to lose
Or
The first moth of the year is over!

Eleven more and the year is over
Oh fuck, it's so silly
Let's see what tomorrow will be
And then I have to decide

It's easy as that!

Job Interview

Back home
No writing today
Jazz club tomorrow
No upload tomorrow

Writing from Friday on again
Today does me good
Got no job offered immediately
But we talk about April, part-time.....

Was a positive talk
Most likely banquet kitchen
They will discuss this
I should get feedback within one or two weeks

What
If I get a refusal
Well
I still have a job

No
Was a good day
Will
Be interesting to see, how tomorrow's working will feel

But enough for today – I'm curious about tonight's dreaming.....

Innocence Lost

Friday reached
After a difficult week
With the decision to leave
To try it differently

At least if I get a contract offered
One or two weeks I have to wait
After the job interview
I should get feedback over the next week

The currant workplace
Too much slack, not much to do
It's tiring
More to do and part-time could be a better solution

But I have to wait now
But
Innocence lost
Means, now I'm interested in a job change

Job hopping
Well, it's the restaurant business
And I need working conditions that allow me to concentrate on writing and art
It's already February

*

No writing as such today
Dreamt a lot the last two nights
My father appeared last night
Cannot remember if ever

Well,
I have still the feeling that the current developments are positive
An interesting beginning of the year
Let's see what the year will offer

Interesting, it doesn't affect me much.

Saturday Night Live

Yeah, it's Saturday
And it's getting dark
Too dark to see
What one should see

I do not know
The feeling I have
Too much is wrong
This will become the crux

And yet
A little spark
Seems still to exist
But hardly to see

A little fire
Will not keep you alive
When bone-chilling coldness
Is surrounding you

It's dark
But no longer a game
The future on the stake
Those of the young, but not the mine

Sweet littler baby
Dying in Ukraine
Prostitutes oneself on the Philippines
Drinks champagne on a superyacht

In the end, nothing has changed
Five thousand years in the past
Five thousand years in the future
Even if such a timespan is left

My years are counted
Maybe even my months
If it were differently
I would burn alive

Crazy I would get
In the year 2050 most probably dead
To imagine I would be in the prime of my life then
Then gun would lie on the table

WWI
There was a future
WWII
There was a future

The gas chambers
There was a future, for those still alive
The genocide in Ukraine
There will be a future, for those still alive

And yet
No substantial change were possible
Never
Only a certain kind of future

Disappointment
I can see it in your eyes
When looking in the mirror
Blurred, because of countless tears

In Between

In between two situations
Not really knowing if even
Waiting for an email
Whatever the content will be

If I get the job offered
For the second time
I have to take it this time
But will I get the job offered for a second time?

If the email will be negative
I have started to orientate anew now
Not the first time in such a situation
But I get sick of it

I feel good, all in all
They forecast some sunny days for next week
Bleak weather since weeks and months in Germany
Sun for hours or minutes only, very rarely

Difficult to concentrate
I need feedback
Then I can continue with planning
Will be no productive day

*

"I tell you, these liberals, these radical lefties, the Democrats, they will destroy our nation if we let them."

"That's right, we need a strong man to lead this country, a man who cleans up our dirty streets. Charles Palantine has no time, but Ron "I Have A Big Dick" DeSantis would be the right guy."

"It's time that we get rid of this Omar scum and Cortez pussies. Well, her Latino pussy would be good to fuck maybe, but she doesn't represent the honest America."

"Yeah, they are less American than the two niggers the GOP has in the current Congress. The Democrats have fifty-six, and Muslims, and Latinas, and all this other garbage – that tells you all. But you know whom I hate most?"

"No."

"Whites, whites who betray their own nation, their own blood. Those we would have to lynch first, the rest would have time."

"Too sad that the Pelosi guy survived, would have been a clear message. Schiff would be a good warning, or the fagot Buttigieg. I'm totally in the mood now to beat one of this suckers up."

I had heard enough, more, and I would have to puke. So, I stepped forward so that they could see me.

"Sorry, I have heard your conversation, and I have to say that I do not agree with you both. Would you possibly be interested in, to discuss this topic with me?"

They both looked somewhat surprised, but one found words to answer me.

"Hey, Jack, I think this gentleman wants to fool us. I think that we have to show him our way to "discuss" such topics."

"Yeah, John, I highly agree with you. But I fear that the gentleman will not like the way how we "discuss" such topics."

"You know, Jack, I give a shit on this. But this liberal asshole needs a pasting."

They came nearer, with these words, and they let no doubt about what they would do with me.

"Sorry, but I have to tell you that you both are terrifying me."

They both started to laugh as I had suddenly a .45 in my hand and shot Jack in the head. It gave a real mess, especially the parts of the skull and brain that hit John – why I had suddenly JFK and Jackie in mind? Whatever, John looked flabbergasted at me.

"Are you crazy, you have killed Jack!"

"Yes, but this was my right. I'm a good white American, and in this wonderful state, thank the Lord, I am entitled to protect myself if I feel threatened – I told you both that I feel terrified, did I?"

"But....."

It all seemed a bit too much for him.

".....what will I do with you now?"

"Hey, come on, I'm no longer a threat for you. I will walk this way and everything is okay – okay?"

He pointed in a direction away from me.

"Well, I don't think so. I still feel terrified by you. All those fucking ideas in your fucking head. Jack has no longer such fucking ideas, he has no longer any ideas."

I raised the gun again.

"Hey, Sir, let me walk away and I will tell everybody that you acted in self-defense. Okay?"

"Well, I have my doubts....."

I shot him in his belly, with a .45 a very bad matter. He started to scream and to wheeze. I came nearer.

"You know, I asked you both for a discussion. But if you have only violence and destruction in your mind – yeah, it has been self-defense. You wanna destroy our nation, wanna hang Mike Pence, wanna kill Mr. Pelosi, wanna destroy our democracy, why I should accept all this like a lamb in front of the slaughterhouse?"

I wasn't confident if the wound were deadly. As I turned to leave, I also shot him in the head. Safety first, I thought, and that I had asked for a discussion.

No Feedback

One or two weeks they said
The first week would be over on Wednesday
No feedback until Friday
Then I should step further on

I feel good
Some headache
But the tiredness appears more and more rare
For a shorter time

But I have to sit and wait
Not much to do at work
Boring, more and more
I need more action

I need to be more challenged at work
Some more of this positive development
And I feel like at the beginning of 2020
That would be a major step forward

But it's still some way to go
Step by step
I feel challenged
Challenged by life

And I have the feeling
That I can resist
Can take the challenge
Even if I'm not in best shape

However, I'm condemned for the moment
To wait
To wait for feedback
Not what I like most

I still would say, I'm on the right way.

No Days In Los Angeles

This story is too important
Then to work on it
In this state
Unconcentrated, a dangling man

Tomorrow
"Arnold"?
Not sure
Other matters are more important currently

It's interesting
Russia and the US wanna help the Syrians
Because of the earthquake
And because of the war?

It's interesting
Or is it bigoted?
Yeah, I'm not empathic enough
Cannot feel the suffering

A young girl got rescued
How many young girls got shredded by bombs?
Hey, Peter, every life matters
Are you kidding me, Peter?

This human race is a disgrace.

Clear Sky

Clear sky tonight
And I will observe
No writing
No feedback

The first week would be over tomorrow.

Deadlocked Situation

Was nice yesterday
To observe my variable stars
No feedback
Adjourned game, to talk chess

Have to wait
But it's paralyzing
What if negative feedback
Hefty, what problems I have

Yeah, so much in the world
That should tie our empathy
How cozy it had been
The distant lights last night

I have to inhale deep
And to wait
And to react
No sober mind

*

The suffering in Turkey and Syria
Do they suffer more or less than the Ukrainians?
The Ukrainians suffer because of a human filthy swine
The Turkish and Syrian people because of a natural disaster

It all will be rebuilt
How long
Until the next time?
Turkey had an earthquake tax, but the money is no longer?

The world would need a revolution
But what kind of revolution
The president's speech and the GOP's reaction?
What do we expect what the world looks like?

I feel dejected, cast down
Not knocked out
But feel a lot of pain
Headache

I have to wait.

Early

To bed today
Upload
Tomorrow
Jazz club, no upload

Friday
Two Days
Weekend
Feedback? - Time to write

A bit like
A year ago
But feel much better
Working?

No tiredness
Not so much
Somewhat, later
When only a few customers are coming

During lunch break
I close my eyes
Let my thoughts free rain
But

A year ago
I had always to fight
During lunch break
Not to fall asleep

Worse case
Negative feedback
Well, next month Matosinhos anyway
Many holidays in April

What would be
If no pandemic over the last years
If no war in Ukraine
If no earthquake

If I felt better
Much headache at the moment
7:42 PM
Should make me a tea for the night and go to bed
I do not know how I should feel - overwhelming feelings.

Friday Evening

It's Friday
And it's evening
The workweek over
No feedback

The jazz concert
Yesterday
Has been impressive
Antonio Faraò, Yuri Golubev, Vladimir Kostadinovic

Had a quarrel at my workplace
Well, it's okay
With the branch manager
Who wants to be the better cook

Not much writing today
But I look forward to the weekend
I'm getting impatient
But I handle the situation much better than a year ago

A year ago
I would have already quit the job
Would have given up
But not this time

I doubt that I will stay
Even if I get negative feedback
I'm more aggressive today
More self-confident

*

I should spend the weekend with the three stories
Not to lose contact
I should continue with the comics
Photography not so relevant for the moment

The tiredness disappears more and more
Headache
Well, the situation burdens me
But that's okay

And still
I have the feeling
I'm on the fucking right track
Have just only no clear idea where this track will lead me

Gambling Man

I'm gambling
For my future
I'm a gambling man
And I only can win

That's a lie
And I do like
That's my new style
I don't give a dime

Hey, look at me
And freeze
I make you silent
And me strong

The world is mine
That's a lie
But I do like
I can reach whatever I wanna

I would be the perfect American guy
Would grab Marjorie's pussy
She would like
'Cause I'm famous and rich

And she's the perfect cheap hoe
Sick like the White America
We would perfectly fit
And AOC would be our sex toy, just like the Mexicans have always been

Oh, I start to dream
Get a boner thinking about
Being a stupid nuts conservative wanker
How easy everything would be

I'm a gambling man
And I enjoy it
Whatever could harm me?
Losing a big pot?

I will lose my life in the final round
No other pot can have that size
Even getting all-in
Who cares about money?

Heads-Up with the Reaper at the final table
Fuck, he will always win
Even having a Royal Flush
He will have five aces

*Now you swear and kick and beg us that you're not a gamblin' man
Then you find you're back in Vegas with a handle in your hand
Your black cards can make you money, so you hide them when you're able
In the land of milk and honey, you must put them on the table
(Do It Again; Steely Dan)*

Echoes

A life in soft repeat
Running in circles
At the edge of getting mad
Grounded in insanity

A song
The same tunes at the end as at the beginning
A whole record even
I always loved it

I'm no longer the one I had been before
Insecure, always doubting
Now facing up
The immanent disgust

The world as a pigpen
And you one of the male swines
Hoping not to get too much involved
Into the mire

Dreaming
Of being creative
Separated from the dark reality
Innocent like a child

With mad and insane thoughts
Lusts and aspirations
Caged in a human body
Not able to break free

The curiosity of a child
The openness of a child
The naivety of a child
In a decaying body

I feel sad and lonely sometime, sometimes not.

Gridlock

Nothing happens, Sunday
No feedback
Not sure what will happen tomorrow
No impulse

Nice weather
Should be stable for the next days
Most likely observing
In the coming days

Well,
It will be two weeks on Wednesday
No later than I seek for clarification
Regarding my application

It's a boring day
I should do some writing
Early to bed
The rest will happen next week

I sit at the table
The guy on the other side does not react to my raise
I have to wait
Even if he hesitates a bit too long

I sit and wait, but would like it more to be active.

I Do Not Know

Had a long conversation at the workplace
Very mixed emotions
No feedback
The two weeks will be over on Wednesday

But it will be a clear night today
I will observe my variable stars
It will be better
Waiting for Wednesday

It's crazy
Shall I invest more energy into my current job
It seems as that I could prevail
Well, if I get positive feedback.....

The next step at least
I would have already quit the job not that long ago
But I have changed
And still an alternative

It's getting dark
I have to change clothes
The calmness of the night
The tenderness of the stars

I love you, baby.

III

It started last night
Working was horrible
Problems with the stomach
Not the best if working in a kitchen

To bed after work
I slept for hours now
Stood up at 7 PM, 7:29 PM now
Eat some bread with cheese and drank water

Of course
No writing today
No feedback as well
The two weeks will be over tomorrow

Well,
In my current job
Seems that I could prevail
But it would cost me a lot of energy

Positive feedback would mean automatically a new job
I'm committed, the pot is too big, too much of my money on the table
Seems as that I have still two possibilities
And new job offers all the time

But not today
I will go to bed right now again
Not so worse than during the day
But still, it's not as it should

I feel exhausted
Not much headache
In any case, some additional hours of sleep will be no mistake
Tomorrow, hopefully, I can continue with writing and art

Wow, it can happen very fast, I have to find a solution for my "job problem".

Better

Better again
But still collywobbles
But I should write something today
Even if not much

Still no feedback
But not relevant for the moment
Jazz club tomorrow
Restart from Friday on

What a death toll
Earthquake
Mostly in Turkey
They have other problems than a guy like me

And we should not forget Ukraine now
Russia more aggressive again
And we slept it away
Thanks, Olaf!

Well,
The Ukrainians will have to pay the price for our failures
We in Germany definitely not
We started only two world wars

I have eaten something
Not quite sure how the night will develop
I have lost four pounds of weight in two days
But yet most likely not the best strategy to lose weight

Let's do some writing, early upload, early to bed.

Reboot

Time to reorganize
Still no feedback
Well, I have waited two weeks plus
Time to go on

Have forgotten a workplace
In K hlungsborn
I have to include this workplace
To renumber chapter 11

I'm uncertain whether I should write an email
Or simply to call
The next potential workplace
Time to go on

Well,
Even the current job is still not dead
Even if doubtful
In four weeks in Matosinhos

I would say
The only what I have to do
Is to stay calm
Not becoming insecure, as so often

I have a job
Maybe I will get feedback later
At least one or two additional options
To deal with over the weekend

A critical moment, time
But time can kiss my ass
As long as the last moment is there
Time will laugh about me then

And I should try, so long, to enjoy and use my given time even more.

Rebooted

Have started to write
I have to do some various matters tomorrow
But I feel still this progress
Even if this week was a setback

Still unclear what has happened on Tuesday
With my stomach
But still less tiredness
And headache

More and more
Why I should be interested in what I do
To earn the necessary money
But, I'm a cook and German

Would be nice to do something
That would be somewhat demanding
That would fulfill me
It's still seven years

Let's see what the next weeks will yield
I look forward to being in Matosinhos again
There will be a continuation
Most likely chapter 15

I smile, could it be that I have to write chapter 20 one time?

Chapter 15

I wrote a new job application in the morning
After waiting two weeks plus without feedback
But decided simply to wait
Not to ask for feedback

Well, have gotten feedback now
A phone call
I will be there to sign a contract on Thursday
Thirty-two hours, four days a week

Sure,
It's the restaurant business
And a hotspot on summer
Let's see

First time in my life working part-time
Three days off
Monday and Tuesday closed
If not a holiday

Monday and Tuesday will be my new weekend
Friday until Sunday working
Shift, not the whole day
Wednesday or Thursday will be the third day off

Thursday jazz club day
And most likely also bar day from now on
One or two drinks after the concert?
A new rhythm seems to be obvious

Upload later, from April on, we will see
Three days, a good deal of time for writing and art
One day, Thursday, no writing and art
Three days with less time for writing and art

Seems not to be that bad
Definitely more time for art and writing in winter
Than in summer
But there should be also enough time in summer

I have to lean back now
Four weeks Auentstein are left
Two weeks Matosinhos thereafter
Then a new job, chapter 15

All in all?
I have the feeling that I have managed the situation good
Not perfect
But not bad either

Today?
Well,
Need some time to let it sink in
But I will find also time to write today

Sunday, February the eighteenth, 2:06 PM.

Driving Around

Drove around for some time
I need to sleep and dream
Tomorrow
I have to be focused from tomorrow on

April the first
We will make a contract beginning at April the first
The day when I will come back from Matosinhos
No April fool hoax

I feel relieved
It has functioned
It still functions
I feel relieved

But now some writing?

Chapter 11.5

Have to create a new chapter 11.5
And to renumber the rest of chapter 11
Have forgotten a job
Well, was short but not uninteresting

Kühlungsborn
Next to Heiligendamm
Was a weird job
This chapter will contain some very weird stuff
But I have to write all the first paragraphs first.

Enough

Have written at least something today
Has been a crazy day
The new job application before I drove shopping
The call right after lunch

Suddenly, a new job
The next email to disconfirm the job application from the morning
I will go to bed now
Early upload, early sleeping, early dreams

It will be interesting to see
How I will feel tomorrow
Some socializing for lunch
Writing and art later

But it's enough for today.

Manifesto

It has to be
Tonight
No early sleep
But with Tom Petty

Yeah, my bulldog barks
And yes, my canary sings
Yeah, no sweet little queen
Whatever it pays

Soon again
Writing at night
Sometimes
Sometimes at day

Fucking seven years are left
To become king of my own little town
A Portuguese king
In the town of Matosinhos

In four weeks again
Just able to order a coffee
To say "Hello!"
Olá!

But they are friendly people
And English is widely spoken
I have to eat the "gastrópodes marinhos" at the market hall this time
Have forgotten their name on the menu

I have made some first contacts over my last stay
I have to intensify them this time
Have to start conversations
Have to start to become an immigrant

I feel a fire in me
I'm hot
Hot again
Have missed it over the last three years

But again
To take it slow has been a good strategy this time
I have to use the following four weeks to prepare myself
Hey, I need a smartphone!

They do a lot of stuff via the smartphone
And WhatsApp
Yeah, now I have to surrender
That's the price I have to pay

And what will I get?
I'm not sure
Something will be different
Will cook a lot of banquet

Eastern is early this year
I will start with Eastern
But they will offer a buffet
No á la carte

Funny
I would have had just the days off on which I will work now

And vice versa
A new part in my life will begin

Will this become my final job
Oh, Peter, don't be silly
What a stupid question
The one I still have was relatively near to it, but in the end.....

And of course
I wouldn't be sad about
If yes
If it were my last job

And the manifesto?
Well, from the day I will travel to Matosinhos
March the eighteenth, in exactly four weeks
The end game will begin

Then I have to prove it
Not to someone
But to me
That I have the potential to become a serious writer and artist

*

Yeah, I have the feeling to start to fly
I have the feeling that I could find friends in Matosinhos
Maybe even.....
A weird old man sitting at the beach, possibly not all alone?

I have shown courage
I could prevail
But there are too many aspects
I not wanna talk about here

I have different opinions regarding essential matters
Connected with quality and how to handle food
To say it so
Too many know too much better than I

*

But this will be soon the past
It's funny
The last time driving to Auenstein at the seventeenth
Flying to Matosinhos at the eighteenth

Back from Matosinhos at the first
The first day of my new contract
Driving to Leingarten from now on
Hey, in that town I had one of my most fucking jobs ever!

But I will be up the hill this time
On top of the mountain
The city on the foot of the mountain
Small and unimportant

It will be on me
I have to do two or three matters differently
I will practice in Matosinhos
Yeah, Mr. Petty, the future is wide open

And I have to learn to fly
Man, I have to learn it
This human swamp makes me sick
I don't even touch the ground

Yeah, man, that's it
That I have to learn
To forget all the doubts
To become king

And Mr. Petty?
Down South
Lived later in L.A. – or
The man from Florida, Gainesville

Yeah, we have all our dreams
Not that your fucking neighbor starts a war with you
Not that a natural disaster shatters your dreams, and maybe takes your life
Yeah, we have all our dreams

And I have mine
Maybe coming true, or not
The only what I really fear
Is that I would give them up

This would be my final day
No reason I would longer see
To stay
In this crazy and insane world

Yeah, never give them up
How silly they ever might be
Like sitting at the beach
And writing a love poem

Whatever it pays.

Done For Today

Well,
Have restarted
Did some
The main focus, tomorrow, should be "Days"

I try to restore the previous rhythm for the next four weeks
Then, Matosinhos
Then, I have to implement a new rhythm
But there's no reason to change something for the next four weeks

Very early upload today
Very early to bed
Working tomorrow?
Will be interesting to see how it will be

Well,
I have to wait until I have signed the new contract
Then I can quit the job
No reason to hurry

I feel good
Curious about the upcoming weeks
Curious about Matosinhos
Well, the last time there caused such a deep impact

Curious about April
Will begin right with the Eastern holidays
Will be a very different working again
But I'm looking forward to it

I think that it will do me good
I feel like at the beginning of 2020
More and more
Still six weeks until the day

I should start to enjoy the remaining weeks
I have done it, I have managed it
I'm on a good way
I'm on the right way

Whereto the way will lead?
Well, will depend very much on
How much time is left
If I stay healthy

I feel good, I will write soon, "Memories", about some suicidal moments in my life.

Distant Lights

Clear night
Focus on my variables
Focus tomorrow
On writing

I wait for Thursday
Jazz club
Interesting musicians
And of course, the signing of the contract

But today, the stars are the stars.

Off Track

I'm unable to concentrate
It has to become Thursday
Jazz club
Signing the contract

Friday I will quit
Will give me some days without work before the vacation
Will cost me some money
But I want to finish it up

Maybe tomorrow
I will find the way to write
Friday, other than that
Much will be different on Friday

Strange
Have changed my job twice last year
But this time it's different
I'm, in fact, nervous

Two workdays
The time has to pass
No writing today
No writing

No writing
Early upload
Early to bed
I'm stringed up

It's hard to stay calm in this situation.

On Pins And Needles

One more day
I would say
The last three workdays
I have managed very satisfying

One more
Tomorrow
I have to end it as soon as possible
No longer than the tenth in any case

In twenty-four hours it will be done
I will be on my way to Heilbronn
Jazz club
After signing the new contract

I feel very motivated
But still a day
Part-time
Will become interesting

Okay,
Summer soon
And it's a summer's hot spot
Of course, more than thirty-two hours a week

But more spare time in Winter
Less than thirty-two hours a week
Three weeks Matosinhos at the end of the year?
Would be interesting

February 2024 again in Los Angeles?
I should target it
I have to see the possibilities, this new job offers me
And I see many

Fuck, I feel on fire, I'm burning.

It's Done

Well,
Busy Days
A new contract yesterday
The dismissal today

It feels good and strange
And I look forward to sleeping and dreaming
A new stage from tomorrow on
But from tomorrow on

I take a deep breath
Still five weeks until my first workday
The new job
Contract from the first of April on, when I fly back from Matosinhos

My first workdays will be the Eastern weekend
Well, a perfect start
Will give me good insights
And many opportunities

I have to handle some matters differently
Most likely upload at midnight again
And writing at night
Like previously

I will have no regular working times
Early, middle, and late shift
Let us see
I'm in a positive mood

Today?
Not much
Still five weeks
And they will begin tomorrow

*

I'm like an eagle
A bald eagle
An American eagle
But the eagle got old

He still can fly
And makes enough prey
But it costs him more and more energy
It will be too much, one day

But not today
Today, after some difficulties at the beginning,
He gained enough height
But his eyes struggle, to see the prey

Later,
Arrived at his resting spot
The prey in his claws
Deep breathing

The day comes nearer
Nearer every day
He feels it
The world starts spinning

I'm no eagle
Especially no bald eagle
No American eagle
A finch maybe?

Most not see me
And I'm not disappointed
Would like that they would hear my singing
Not much loud it is

The little fink is dead
Not much a loss as a bald eagle would be
An American eagle
The little fink is dead

*

He got old, and everything became a burden, even the walk to the beach, to see the ocean. One day, a wonderful balmy summer night, the moon high up the nightly sky, he decided that it was the time, for a last walk. He walked to the beach, it was easier than otherwise, felt first the sand, then the water, touching his naked feet. And as the water surrounded him entirely, he could suddenly remember, as a very young boy, how it has felt. He died as a delighted old man, young at hart.

*

The Lisa Wilhelm Quartett

Lisa Wilhelm – Drums and Composing
Lukas Wögler – Saxophone
Moritz Langmaier – Piano
Franz Blumenthal – Contrabass

A fantastic concert yesterday
Will be easier with the working hours from April on
Have not to get up so early
Can enjoy it more

Even one or two drinks thereafter
Old Fashioned
Look forward to those Thursdays
The first time will be soon, ahead of Matosinhos

Have bought their debut album
Have ordered a "baseball cap"
Self-embroidered
They have merch

Very unusual for a jazz band
But they all are young
Of course, I have chosen
The contrabass

Well,
We will see
The other three instruments would also be available
I need caps for Matosinhos

Will I get it
Until Matosinhos
If not
I use the one from L.A.

Time to bring it to an end
Curious about
Tomorrow
This time it feels very strange, as it would be the first time, a new job

A bit disappointed
There have also been nice aspects
Worked perfectly together with my workmate in the kitchen
Emily from the Philippines

I'm sad regarding her
Not the first time for her
Even more overtime for her
Her planned vacation in April?

I would have quitted the job earlier without her
But it has to be now
The last conversation with the owner
Has been a disaster

I disagree in fundamental questions
Regarding too many aspects
I cannot do this the next seven years
I have to be consistent

Still five weeks, let's turn them into productive and meaningful weeks.

Not Productive

No productive day
Had to fix a laptop problem
Found a place to buy a film for the Nikon
A drugstore

I did some research
Not much is left
A shop in Stuttgart seems to be interesting
To buy and develop film, one of the last real shops for analog photography

The days between the job and Matosinhos
I should spend one in Stuttgart
Also visiting this shop
At least, with the film, I can start using the Nikon again

*

I have a headache
Have eaten too much
Too much junk
But that's okay

There's still no reason to hurry
Have watched some videos about astrophysics
But now I'm tired
But that's okay

I have started with my list
More and more now
Okay for today
I have a headache

*

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
I should work on the three stories
Thursday jazz club
Friday the, most probably, last complete working week has ended

It's good to have done it
I'm not satisfied with today
But that's okay
That's pretty fine to me

I would like to see
A dead Putin hanging from a poplar tree
Too many innocent people are dying
Would send him a magnolia blossom, to smell the scent of burning flesh

Tell me the end of the story
There will be a happy ending
There's always a happy ending
At least the corrupt narrations are telling us this

*

"Not much I will miss," I thought, not much I will miss.

"But wasn't there not enough positive you could see?" I asked myself.

"Well, have written an email not long ago. I wrote: Yes, there are also positive aspects, but at last the negative ones will decide."

"And?"

"I quitted the job not long thereafter."

*

I see a tendency
A very positive one
Compared with last year
Yeah, pretty right a year ago

This time I acted much more robust
More self-confident
There are small backlashes
But the trend is definite and compelling

I have to be in Matosinhos again
All other is secondary
I have to intensify the weak connections from the last time
In my own little town

To become king
To make friends
Maybe even an own queen
From time to time

Today the bulldog barks, and the canary sings
I have not done enough
But some
I lust so deeply for the ocean

*

"I feel different there," I said, "It's different there, I can speak with other people there, not that I did it much so far."

No, not that much so far, but I had started with it the last time.

"You know, all is easy there, straightforward. You simply enter a place, look for a seat, you sit down. You order something, it has not to be much, maybe only one of this small coffees, like an espresso. Um café, por favor!, not more you have to say, to spend there as long as you want, reading your newspaper or watching TV. A TV is everywhere, one has to have always the opportunity to watch soccer, something holy there like cod, salted cod."

Yeah, soccer and salted cod, two of the pillars for that nation. Soccer I felt as boring, cod interesting, salted cod a revelation.

"The first time that I worked with salted cod was in 1999, you have to love it."

Salted cod, you could buy it at the German ALDI market there, or having it as a fine daily menu. Much was different there, I was different there.

Through

I have the feeling that I'm through
Was a nice day today
The last – hopefully – workweek at the old job will begin tomorrow
I have the feeling that I can look ahead now

Made the first pictures with the Nikon
Well, it will last until I will have them
The old-fashioned way
Not everything available every time immediately

I think that I will write something later
But not much
Tomorrow "Days" will be in focus
I should write all the first paragraphs for "Memories" until the vacation

I have some things to do
I need a smartphone
A new credit card
A new laptop, maybe

Yeah,
Did the right thing
Had a bad feeling from the beginning on
And it has gotten worse

Let's do something new
I have lost a bit of weight
I feel better
More active again

But,
I have to finish this job now
The days at home until Matosinhos
In Matosinhos

This is my aim now
To be there again
Everything else until then is secondary
I have to be in Matosinhos again

Well,
Only two weeks
But two weeks
It has to be three weeks the next time

Today?
I'm impatient
Ten workdays minus the residual leave
Two or three days, depending on the calculation

I'm impatient
No three weeks until Matosinhos
In three weeks I will be in Matosinhos
Give me a bit of patience

Fuck, I'm like a child waiting for the Christmas gifts, on December the fourth.

Enough

Enough for today
Early upload
Early to bed
I have to kill the days

What's better than sleeping
And dreaming
Being dead for a while
Or in Dreamland

I hope that I get an official last workday tomorrow, I'm sick of it.

Why Always!

Working was okay
Phoned the personnel office
They still have not my dismissal that I handed to the branch manager who is on vacation now
Asked for a callback from the head of the personnel office

I got an email now
From the owner
He will be there on Wednesday
We could "talk about everything" then

Well,
Wrote him an email as well
There's nothing left "to talk about everything", I have given notice
Well, got an upset email in return

I ask myself
Why I have a personnel office
When I want to do everything on my own
This makes no sense, especially to complain then, to be very busy

Well,
I hope that on Wednesday everything will be cut and dried
I'm distracted
Cannot concentrate on writing

All could be so easy
Gosh, let it be the last day
Is it that difficult that I have resigned from my job
Let it be Wednesday

Okay, made progress in another aspects
All in all, it's okay
But I fear that the next two or three days will be annoying
Well, two or three days

I have the continuation of the stories in mind
Not relevant if this week or the next
I have to close this chapter now
To begin chapter 15

The strategy the last days was good for me
Early to bed, therefore early upload
Will do it again
Let's see, maybe I will be more relaxed tomorrow

A few days, a few days, I can already hear the ocean's waves.

The Better, The Best

I feel better
But still impatient
Tomorrow is Wednesday, conversation
Should give me clarification

I feel more stable again
Whatever will be
No longer than until the tenth
I will be in Matosinhos at seventeenth

I try to continue with writing today
To get on track again
"Arnold"
Let's see

It will be only a matter of time - how much time is left?

All Clarified

Will work until Friday next week
That's okay
One week at home
Then Matosinhos

I will earn some more money
Will be an easier transition for them
Emily
Seven workdays left

The last days have been relaxed
More or less
We had a larger catering today
Very early to deliver

But was easy
We were prepared
Yeah, not everything is bad
But other aspects are the killer

Well, seven days left.

The Rest Of The Week

Thursday
Tomorrow
No upload
No writing

The weekend
From Friday on
Writing and art
I'm relaxed

Some days
Still
Not more
No problem

I'm really curious about
From April on
How it will function
Excellent or not at all

I only see these two possibilities
But whatever
The first quarter of 2023 will be over
At the first day in my new job

A feeling in me
From now on
Nothing can go wrong anymore
Welcome the weird old man sitting at the beach

But in fact
There will also be in future
Stupid developments
But as long as I can handle them, as this time?

Close your eyes
And hear the world
What do you hear?
Say that it's not true

I feel like having arrived—but where?

This Work Week

All in all
It has been a calm week
One left
Should be calm also

New ideas pop up
A sunny day
I'm on a good way
Leading to Matosinhos

Five workdays left.

Clear Night

Could be a clear night
If no mist will be gathering
I plan to observe in the evening sky
As well as the morning sky

Some hours sleep in between
Will be interesting to see
How good it will function
If no mist will be gathering

No further writing today
Will lay down for a while
To prepare for the night
Clear skies forever

CNN

Yeah,
Have my CNN back
Changed frequency
But back again

What would I have done
Without you
My life would have turned gray
Soon I can watch your evening program during my night again

Gosh, CNN is back!

Solaris II

Have a story in mind
"Solaris II"
Will include it in "Insights"
Not sure how long the story will become

A new "Wanderer"?
Most likely not
Should continue "Surrealistic Pillow"
Soon I will have more time for writing again

Active

An active night and, so far, an active day
Short sleep, observing
Somewhat longer sleep, observing
Short sleep, standing up

Shopping, cooking as usual
Spent time in Heilbronn
A long time ago that for the last time
But was good to do so

Waffle and Italian ice cream
Crêpe and Italian ice cream
Greek salad
Had to visit some places

Some writing now
Picture tomorrow
Further writing tomorrow
Lazy feeling

I have to find out whom I'm now, different, but in what respect?

Surrealistic Pillow

Catching A Cloud

Dreaming, in a very complex way, after the second observing, my father's birthday, in any case. I arrive, all the others are already there. A storm front comes in, a sight like one of these sandstorms, but not exactly touching the ground. The clouds are over me, not smooth, I grab one of the wisps of cloud, the wisp of cloud breaks and I hold it in my hand, where it gets stiff. It looks like a piece of gray foam material now, but it's a piece of cloud anyway. I grab a second one and decide to endow them to my father.

Well, the birthday party runs somewhat out of control later, I will not explain why, and what happened. Nothing related to me, but I perceived it as very "confusing". I woke up not much later with the feeling, that it was a nice idea, to endow the wisps of cloud to my father as a birthday present - even if they were gray because they were parts of a storm front. My father will celebrate his birthday next month, I thought that I will see if I can find a nice walking stick for him in Portugal.

Solaris II

A Summary

"Let me summarize what we know until now, we have to decide very urgently, how to handle the situation.

A decade ago, nearly very exactly, one of our missions to explore the nearer space found an interesting system. A weak red sun, with one small planet. Well, the sun very likely nearly ten billion years old, the single planet the size of Mars, near to its sun, good temperature, a kind of atmosphere. Not bad, but no place where one would expect life, at least not any much more than single-cell organisms, bacteria, or so. But the planet was covered with liquid. Well, we all know what happened, the descriptions, the narrations, what those told us who orbited the planet since its discovery. The strange story of Solaris II.

Solaris, a novel by the Polish novelist Stanislaw Lem, first published in 1961. A planet, covered with something liquid, intelligent, we all know the novel. How likely it was, to discover this planet in reality? We have not to ask, not much more than nil – but there it is, Solaris II.

Okay, there are some obvious differences, on them, we have to focus, to understand in which way we should deal with Solaris II. First, no dead people materialized on board of an orbiting spaceship, no crew members ran mad – I mean, quite the contrary happens to them orbiting Solaris II. But then, all what Lem describes, all the phenomena, we can observe on Solaris II as well, one to one. With the only difference, that they never endangered or even killed somebody. It seems as Solaris II would be a smaller duplicate of Solaris, the liquid on the surfaces appears to be identical with what Lem describes, at least at first. Let's talk about the further differences.

Right the first crew, discovering Solaris II a decade ago, reported from their emotionality while orbiting Solaris II. Total relaxation, a feeling of deep calmness and coziness, like being one with the universe, and so on. We could observe an increase regarding the capability to concentrate, the capability to perform as well. Conflicts, if even there appear some, get always solved in a very systematical and for every party satisfying way. It seemed as that, whatever covers Solaris II, let us become better humans.

Okay, we also act different as the crew orbiting Lem's planet, we do not send hard rays to the ground or suchlike. We try to communicate, in many ways, but always cautiously, so far without any result. This would be my opening statement so far. Let's have a first debate. But then we have to decide regarding the raising demands, to give Solaris II free for private space stations, for private space travel, maybe even for a kind of permanent colonization of the Solaris II orbit. The people on Earth pine after to experience at least once this feeling when orbiting Solaris II. Some say, it would be the next level of existence for humans, being permanently in the near distance of Solaris II. Contributions to a discussion?"

"Is it excluded now, that this all happens only in the imagination of those orbiting Solaris II?"

"As far as possible, yes. We can send drones to the surface, making videos and pictures, can give them to an AI, to analyze them. The AI will tell you that the videos and pictures show exactly what Stanislaw Lem has described. We can use magnetic resonance imaging to show that the brains of those orbiting Solaris II are working differently than before, still on Earth, as well as when on Earth again. We can even give you the exact distance to Solaris II, the border of all those effects."

"But there's also an ethical question. Private travel to Solaris II? Permanently living in its orbit? Who? Who could afford this? A small wealthy class could do so, and all the others? We live in a time of relative stable political and economic circumstances on Earth, what would that mean? A division in Solaris II humans, and ordinary humans? We have to have further information about Solaris II first. I have a bad feeling, I have a different novel in mind."

"Which?"

"Jack Williamson, The Humanoids. I would be a part of the resistance group, I wouldn't trust them."

"Okay, I would say that we will have a very long discussion ahead of us."

The Last Week

The last week ahead
I was active today
I have to become more active again
And I'm on a good way

One last week
Let's try to implement the rhythm for a last time, honoring this job
"Days" tomorrow, then "Arnold" and "2050"
Was a good decision in any case

Sure,
We have to see
How good everything will function from April on
Seven years are left

Some writing today
Have forgotten to make the picture
But it's too dark now
And I want to make it with natural light

No problem
Let it get some good days
Monday until Friday
And then it's over

Let's write something.

Memories

"Memories"
All chapters begun
Apart from chapter 14 - not finished now
Apart from chapter 15 - not begun now

Well, I can begin with the memories as such now
I will - most probably - start with memories connected to working
Private stuff most likely later
The "difficult" stuff - most likely - not before getting older

When retired in Matosinhos
Then it will be the time
To dig deep
Until the very ground

But not at the beginning.

Enough

Enough for today
Early upload
Early to bed
Let the last week begin

Do not say that I haven't warned you
I was always candid
Don't blame me
For your own curiosity

I never demanded money
Well, would have taken, if received as a gift
But you never offered some
But that was okay

So, be quiet now
I owe you nothing
You owe me nothing
We're even

I feel better and better
New ideas and images
I have plans for Matosinhos
Let's see how good I can implement them

But now it's time to go to bed, to have some time for weird dreaming.

First Of The Last

First day of the last week
Somewhat stressful
But gone
The workday of course

Some time for writing now
I pine for Friday
Or Thursday at least
Be a bit more patient, sweetheart

Try to cook some nice dishes
The last week
But the second half always boring
Not many customers

Well,
This will change in April
Drastically
Yep, I signed the contract

But,
First a week for me
And two in Matosinhos
I'm responsible for it all

I've all the luck.

Boring Day

Has been a boring workday
Not in a creative mood
Let it become Friday
I'm tired of it

Killed time with other things
Some writing would be good
Tomorrow, the middle of the week
Then it's done

Then Thursday is left
But jazz club day
No writing
See you again on Friday

I'm impatient.

Nearly Done

The next boring workday past
Had to do some research regarding buying a smartphone
But have all the information now
But it got late

Have also some problems with my Internet connection
Will make it short therefore for today
Jazz and no writing tomorrow
Friday I'm through

*

I'm absolutely not sure what will happen
But the decision to leave was in any case good
Nearly a month until my first workday at the new job
Let's enjoy this time

Well,
Remaining two days
But I'm satisfied
I feel strengthened

*

I have decided
No further writing today
Early upload
Gives me some time for something else

Two days with no writing
Will make no difference
I long for Friday
Being at home

It's strange
I have the feeling of being happy
Not being happy
Being tired and disappointed

Have to be more consistent
From Matosinhos on
And the new job
I can handle matters

*

I have some problems
Living my life
This protected and secure life
Garbage

All around me falling
And I'm sitting here
Hear the raindrops outside
But it's only rain, no bombs

I should start to wake up, becoming that about what I always chatter.

A New Day

Well,
A, so far, very normal Friday
Worked, as a week before
Apart from, it was my last day in this job

Well,
That's not really something new
How many jobs I had since I started writing?
Who wants to count?

Well,
The weekend
Still no difference, then a week ago
It will start with Monday

*

Tomorrow
I have some things to do
Tomorrow in a week
I will fly to Matosinhos

Today
Some writing
But not that much I would say
I feel somewhat disorientated

April
Back from Matosinhos at the first of April
My first workday will be the sixth of April now
My father's birthday celebration at the fifth of April

April
A long Eastern weekend to start with the new job
But some days between my return from Matosinhos
And the beginning of the new job

Today
Have nearly forgotten the old job
See only what's ahead
I feel somewhat disorientated

Tomorrow
"Comic" would be good
"Substack" totally neglected
"2050"?

A Day Of Transition

A very active day so far
And it seems
As it becomes a clear night
So, observations

Got to bed very late
A new rhythm
No sleeping before midnight from now on
But not getting up late

Upload around midnight from tomorrow on
Did some cleaning, was necessary - very
Shopping, cooking, walking
Bought me a smartphone

But I prepare for observing now
Tomorrow some socializing
But more time until midnight, for writing and art
Was a good day so far

But it's time for observing now.

First Set

First set of observations
Some sleep now
Then the second set
In the morning sky

I should do some writing tomorrow
But have time now
For nearly the next four weeks
Yeah

Strange
My memory
Yesterday
I still worked

It's only Saturday
The normal weekend
But know that I never will return
I have nearly forgotten the last six months

No emotional connection anymore
Like I would remember a story or a movie
A guy who worked in a butchery, cooking the daily meals
Forgotten that the guy was me

But maybe that's good so
Can help you a lot
Not running mad
Doing stupid things

Look forward to the rest of the observations.

Irresolute

I feel irresolute
Socialized
Have done some things
6:35 PM

Well,
Upload at midnight
Have still enough time
Was already a long day

No observations in the morning sky
Clouds approached
Have not to go to bed at 9 PM
Never

I have to adapt to the new rhythm this week
That gives me many new opportunities
I'm somewhat tired
A little headache

*

I do not work today
But it's Sunday
The last Sunday I worked
Is over a year ago

So,
Business as usual
Well,
It's 8:08 PM

I normally would say
Soon to bed
Wow, have written nothing so far
Have to get up early tomorrow

But instead
Have still four hours to write something
To upload something
Not to get up early tomorrow

Back to the old days, when writing at night.

*

I do sit on the mountain top
But can this be all?
Looking at it
Watching it

2015

A long journey since then
And I assume
It will last until 2030

I need more time
Not knowing how much is left
But it's too early
In not only one respect

I have to start conversations
In Matosinhos
Have to start relations
It will be a measure of the so far covered way

The beginning of the new job
Part-time
Just a cook
No managerial responsibility

The next step
A new role
Very unfamiliar
But should create free space

*

It's an evening to ponder
Near to 9 PM now
Tomorrow will be interesting
Not baking rolls early in the morning

Not doing the stuff that I did every day
For the last six months
Every day
From Monday until Friday

It's Sunday, and it's nine o'clock, and I'm not sure what I should do.

Solaris II

Welcome To Solaris II

"Our spaceship will dock in a few minutes at our brand new space station orbiting Solaris II – hey, we simply named it Solaris II! You will enjoy, during your stay, the unique Solaris II experience, however long your stay will be. Please follow our instructions.

Our deluxe passengers who have booked our long-stay deluxe package will be allowed to leave the spaceship first, please by using the favored deluxe lock. All other passengers, due to their classification, from class one to class five in order.

No matter of your status and duration of stay, we wish you all a nice time on Solaris II, and the unique experience of the world of Solaris II. Thanks for flying with United Planets, the most reliable and luxurious spaceship fleet on Earth."

*

"What do you expect? I mean, we're only second class passengers. I have heard that the real Solaris II experience is only for first class passengers or the deluxe passengers."

"No, all I know is that Solaris II, the planet, not distinguishes the different classes of passengers. But of course, if you stay longer, you have more time to experience it."

"I have heard that some leave very disappointed, not having any real experiences at all. It's said that it's mostly with passengers from fourth and fifth class. That was my reason to upgrade my ticket"

"Well, I have heard that this are all rumors. It's said that it's to motivate passengers to buy more expensive tickets. Have nice stay."

"Sorry, I tried only to have some conversation to bridge the time until we can leave the spaceship."

Satisfied

Satisfied with the day

Sunday

11:35 PM

And still no hurry

Well,

Have not written that much

But I have a good feeling

That it will function

Monday until Friday

I have time now

Before flying to Matosinhos on Saturday

To prepare ultimately

And to write

For art

All the stories

All the other aspects

Satisfied, I do not feel that bad.

Time

It's time to start writing
Monday, 7:18 PM
An active day so far
I start to take pleasure in the new rhythm

Well,
Should I ponder on Easter
How the new part-time job will play out
No!

Let's enjoy the days until the next aviation
I sat for nearly an hour in a café today
Waiting until the bank counter would open again after the lunch break
And I did nothing

I thought at first
Then I can also drive home
To go to the bank at home
Tested an alternative route to drive to Leingarten

But then I thought
Why not waiting in Leingarten
Having a coffee
Doing nothing?

I even not pondered about anything and everything
I simply looked out of the window
Watched the cars driving by
And the people passing

I should learn this.

Raining

It rains, after a warm but mostly cloudy day
Even a bit of a thunderstorm
Also in Matosinhos
Changeable weather

Clouds and rain at the beginning
There could be sunny days at the end
Howsoever the weather will be
I will enjoy my stay

I'm still uncertain
Can not really assess
What part-time will mean
What rhythm

But hey, let's listen to the raindrops, and let your imagination free.

Discarded

Have written a paragraph for "Arnold & Maurer"
But I dislike it
I have to write differently
I will not upload it

I have to ponder about that story
I have to develop Linda's and Peter's characters
I have to "lengthen" the story
The beginning was not that bad

I have to get away from
That it has up-to-date
It has to become more fictional
In the regard of the timeframe

Have I wasted a lot of time now
I don't think so
I have to see the three stories differently
To learn different aspects of writing

Still time for writing
10:19 PM
Let's have a look at "Days"
It's Monday

Days

Working on "Days"
Will become difficult and complicated
The different years
Matosinhos was much later

Maybe ignoring it in a way
Arriving in Matosinhos, 2018
But no buffet
Not asking why – would fit to me, insecure

Later understanding why
Because not 2018, but 2020
I have to ponder about it
I have to write the story step by step

11:15 PM
Still time to write
But enough for today, I would say
Was a good Monday

All doing now
Is training for April
It will count from then on
This is a test only

I have to get a better "vision" regarding my writing.

Antsy

I feel antsy
I would wish it would be Saturday
Thursday evening at least
Jazz and cocktails

It seems surreal
In a few days in Matosinhos again
The last job seems years ago
I feel like free-falling

Troubled to concentrate
I think I should sleep
Sleeping until Saturday
That it would be

*

We understand so much
We have good theories at least
About the universe
About the fundamental particles

But we do not understand ourselves
All seems to be chaotic
Irrational
The human nature

I stand in front of Putin
Not for the first time
Point the gun on his forehead
And pull the trigger with joy

His brain and blood covers the shinny floor
I like what I see
His bootlickers storm in
I bring them down one after the other

Well,
Of course,
That will never happen
But I know that I would pull the trigger if I could

*

How much time I still have
Time enough to see Putin dying
I would like seeing him dying a miserable death
I would like knowing that he's seriously ill

Open a history book
A story about wars
About kings and fuehrers
About the boarders of nations

Yeah,
Also art history
Or the history of science
But "the history" means a history about the greed for power

Seen in that light, it can not really surprise how the world looks like.

Second Try

"Arnold & Maurer" again
Used the yesterday's written
Not a totally new writing
Important will be the next part

The next part in the afternoon
Together with Linda again
I have to dive deeper
But okay, so far

The story that deals with the United States.

2050

"2050" has to be my main focus tomorrow, and "Comics"
But tomorrow, not today
I like it to write again
During the evenings and nights

It seems that it could function excellent
From April on
Okay, no longer that regularity
Days with not much time, days with a lot of time

At least currently, I have a good feeling regarding the time from April on.

Impatient

I lust for getting on that aeroplane
Destined for a foreign land
And yeah
Not everything will good when back again

But maybe
I will have changed then
Do not need that heroin
Not to lying

I do not say
That I'm not sick of it
'Cause I'm sick of it
Yeah, I'm sick of it

I'm sick of the always same fucking news
The always same fucking noises
I lust for total silentness
Lost in the empty space

*

Packing our bag
Choosing a path
Heading on
Let it happen

Too old
Makes no sense anymore
But diving from time to time
Into a different land

A different city
Where you can be
What you always wished to be
Like in a manga or a fantasy novel

Create your own world
Your own imagination
Leaving the reality
Not to run crazy

Would you like to lead me?

Not Today

Not today
No patience to write
I'm not simply burning
My blood boils

I have to see the ocean again
I have to feel that I can be there again
Like to see the Ferris wheel again
Eating at 3rd street again
atosinhos
I need the self-affirmation
I have to deliver

I feel the pressure
I have to accomplish some in M
Deixa eu morrer em portugal!

The Triviality Hollywood Movie

I have started to write a story with this title
But it turned stupid
I'm not very satisfied with my writing right now
I will not upload it

Well,
Matosinhos will also be a time to ponder about my writing as such
But,
This has time until I'm in Matosinhos

Enough for today.

Tomorrow

I will be in the air again
Aviation
I will see the ocean again
Melancholia

Yesterday,
Jazz club and bar
It functions
But the night was bad

Well, since some days problems with the stomach
Not severe
But at night it was worse
And I got a severe headache

Have still headache
The stomach better
I'm stressed
No twenty-four hours

*

I have to stand up early
I hope that it will be easier than last time
The journey to Frankfurt by train
Strike at four German airports tomorrow

But not Frankfurt
Therefore, it should function
I'm impatient
I have to stand up early tomorrow

I will go to bed early
Everything is prepared
I have to be in Matosinhos
To take the next step

Only two weeks unfortunately
It has to be three weeks the next time
I have some aims
We will see what I'm able to implement

*

I'm a bit uptight
A stupid night
Have I problems with alcohol now
Lemonade at the jazz club, two cocktails in the bar

My stomach much better
But still the headache
7:28 PM
Will go to bed soon

See you tomorrow again, in Matosinhos.

Matosinhos

Okay,
It's 9:06 PM local time
10:06 PM German time
Yeah.....

Was in two cafés
Ordered in Portuguese
More or less understandable
But started to learn

It seems as they would speak the "e" in Matosinhos
So,
Meia-de-laite is "leite" and not "leit"
So, nove should be "nove" but not "nov"

Okay,
Did some shopping
Started to unpack
Back home

Yeah, my crazy mind
Everything forgotten
The last months
The last job

It's like was never in Germany in between
October last year and now
Only in another room now
Some streets "above"

It will be very interesting
The next days
First decision
Not like the last time

No distinct time for writing and uploading
Whenever whenever
I want to be more flexible this time
Seems to be better

Tomorrow, Sunday
Family day in Portugal
Ponder on walking in a park I didn't so far
The weather should be relatively good tomorrow

There will also be rainy days
Second half of the week
More time for writing
I need time to find myself

*

Well,
The Deutsche Bundesbahn as always - my train simply canceled
As many others, due to a severe signal tower failure
Had to improvise like the last time

But I learn
Be patient and relaxed
Not very German.....
And I reached my aim finally

Well,
Had a time buffer of three hours
I have learned
Fun fact?

I reached Frankfurt airport twenty minutes earlier than planned
Not via Würzburg
But Heidelberg and Mainz
The first time ever via Mainz to Frankfurt

*

Was a long day now
Stood up at 5 AM German time
It's 9:43 PM local time
Uploading next

A walk before I go to bed
Was a pretty active day
No late standing up tomorrow
I'm a bit tired, no headache

Arrival, tomorrow will be the first real day.

Break On Monday

6 PM, I need a break
Three hours, at least, pure walking so far
Sunday, fine weather
Everybody is on the road and at the beaches

Started with a coffee
Lunch in a restaurant, looking at the ocean
Another coffee and a toast
Now I'm back

Dinner?
Well, not so hungry
But still time
Let's see

Was nice so far
Surprising
The sun shines
It's not cold

I sweat, normally, effortless
I wear a shirt, an undershirt, a kidney warmer for the back
And my winter jacket most of the time
I should, normally, sweat like crazy

But I like it
Yeah, a bit sweaty I'm
Started to speak Portuguese
Strange first day so far

Have seen three interesting places
For photography
I will have my camera with me from now on
I will visit them tomorrow again

But now
Hit the road, Peter
If time, then I will continue "Arnold & Maurer" today
We will see

For now, more to come.

Layover

Back in the room
Again some miles
Made some pictures
Not sure so far, which to upload

Dish of the day
New owners?
But had a conversation
Wednesday or Thursday again

Had a real Portuguese breakfast today
Ordered in Portuguese
A very sunny day again
Wearing my winter jacket and a cap – slight sunburn from yesterday's walking

Very different this time
I have the feeling to handle everything quite well
Very satisfied with today so far
And still some hours

Stayed in Leça da Palmeira so far
As yesterday
But now I will spend time at the beach in Matosinhos
As yesterday

But I will be earlier there today
Pictures from the sunset?
Maybe
Some more writing later?

However,
Might be, I should use the time for other matters?
More and more cloudy from tomorrow on
Until the weekend
Even with rain

Better again from Sunday on
Now the forecast says
The next week will be very sunny
I would like it

But for now, the Matosinhos beach waits.

Hypnotized

The glittery water
A billion glaring sparkles
A seagull flies by
A hard to distinguish silhouette of a distant ship

Time stands still
Passes by infinitely slow
Falling into dreams
Eyes wide open

Lost in an endless ocean
An endless universe
Every sparkle a star
Like a roe the bright light

Ten universes have to die
Then night will fall in
And the real stars will start to shine
But not now

The shimmering watery stars are for now

At The End Of A Good Day

Well, was a good day, wasn't it?
I'm exhausted now
But because of the, again, intense walking
Not because of something mysterious

Slight headache
I look forward to tomorrow
I see progress
Already after the second complete day

Portuguese breakfast tomorrow
No lunch at noon
Somewhat later, as normally here
The restaurant at the market hall, closed on Mondays

The Dungeness crab again
I have to try the sea snails this time
Maybe next week the platter with sea snails
If I like them, what I assume

Tea at the ice-cream parlor in any case
Closed on Mondays as well
Well, several other places on my list
But I still have time

Good second day
If it develops this way further on, this would be very fascinating
But now I should sleep
My feet are hurting

Wow, not thought that it could function that well, I had some fears.

Back

Nearly 9 PM
And I'm a bit "groggy"
Well, today I did
What?

Not really sure
Not much
Nothing at all
Okay, not really

I drank and ate
I read my book – cosmology
I have made pictures
But yes, not much I did

And not much I will do now
A shower the next
I will look through the pictures
I will go to bed

But the shower as first.

Burning Ship

A burning ship
Far away
No details
The crew?

Well, fire ships aside
What much water they spray
The ship turns all the time
Seems not to be steered right now

Well,
The bridge of the ship burns
As much as one can see
A long black trail of black smoke in the sky

Thought,
Maybe they will bring the ship into the harbor?
But further and further away instead
And less and less sunlight

Not much can be seen any longer
The ship small now
Not much smoke, but some still seems to be there
I decided to leave

Back in my room, I asked the Internet
Yes, in fact,
It was a ship carrying fuel
It burned already some hours before I had seen it

But no further information so far
Tomorrow maybe
But some better pictures
Yes, the bridge burns

Now the large amount of water is understandable
To cool the fuel
The ship headed to the harbor here in Matosinhos
Perhaps more detail on tomorrow?

And the crewmen?

Confusion

I always have the feeling to be a day ahead
But no, today is Tuesday
And yesterday was Monday, not Tuesday
Well, the ocean lets me forget everything!

Lifting Bridge

The lifting bridge
Over the harbor
In front of me
I'm sitting in a.....bakery?

Well,
Downstairs they are baking bread, you can see it, it's open, you can look down
Upstairs they are selling it
But it's also a café and you can have lunch

That's Portugal
These "mixed" places you can find very commonly
It's not so clearly separated than in Germany
And I like it

*

A chá preto for the moment
Have my laptop with me this morning
Not the camera and the book
Walked by an incredible looking stairwell

No camera
But it's the entrance to an exhibition
I have to make a picture
Later or tomorrow

But for now, I plan to work on the stories for a while
I have to fix a timeline for "2050"
"Days" maybe
Lunch in an hour or so

They offer toasts or bagels
Sopa do dia of course
Downstairs, bakery, something happens
A soccer broadcast, obviously? — Radio or TV?

That's also Portugal
But now some work
Then, after the Portuguese breakfast that I already had, lunch
The rest of the day? We will see.

Burning Ship II

A few more details
It was a tanker with jet fuel on board
They took the ship away from the harbor
But it shall become brought to the harbor during the morning

I will have a look later
Whether I can see it
Not from the place I sit right now
The engine room burned

Most of the crew left the ship
A few stayed
No one got hurt
So far good news

They say
There was no real risk that the ship would have exploded or so
Well,
It looked scary for a time, this ship and all the smoke

Maybe more details later.

Spreadsheet

Have established a spreadsheet now
To list the dates of the so far written - "2050"
Now I can start to fill this spreadsheet with more and more details
But

It's lunchtime now
Good timing
I will have lunch now
Sopa do dia and a toast I would say

More and more cloudy now
It's getting cold
As predicted
The next two days bad weather

More time for writing, I would say
But it should be very sunny again
Next week
But lunch at first

Lazy

A feeling of laziness overwhelms me
Like drifting in a small vessel
On an infinite ocean
Nothing can harm you anymore

Yeah,
Not saw the ship
Not knowing what to do
Sitting and drinking tea

And then?
Another tea?
Or a coffee?
Who cares?

I'm weightless
And I smile
Should continue
Tea, most probably

Arrived

I'm arrived
Matosinhos
Matosinhos, my new home
Twice I have a home now

One in Portugal
One in Germany
Let get the Portuguese home more and more important
If not already

My fourth complete day in Matosinhos
Half over – 4:51 PM
It happens fast this time
Nine complete days are left

And seven years to have only one home again – or could it get faster?

Lost In Tranquility

Well,
What a difference
The last time
Not to talk about the vacation before last

It will be interesting to see
What will develop in April
But whatever,
Shouldn't there not only one matter that counts?

The next vacation in Matosinhos
September or October, most likely
Three weeks would be important
Better prepared than this time

Lost in tranquility
I feel very grounded
Getting a relation
With the nation and people

Strange.

TV

A quiet evening in the room
The first time I switched on the TV
Shifted through the channels
And what I found?

CNN Europe!
I was four days without CNN Europe,
And I did not go gaga?
Hard to believe!

Wow,
I have it back
"I can see a better tomorrow"
This rosy American nonsense

I think they like it
Sid Row
Or if DeSantis wins in 2024
Or if the wannabe fuehrer will not get behind bars

But hey, the most important, I have my CNN back – do I have missed it?

Early To Bed

9:26 PM
Still enough time to write something
Have eaten in the room
Watched CNN

I have eaten too much
But even the stuff from the supermarket is excellent
Have discovered smoked pig's head
But the pieces are huge

But I fear I will buy one
Okay, I have a fridge
But,.....
I will upload now and have a last walk before going to bed

Was a good day.

Lazy

Lazy just stay in bed
Yeah, Deep Purple
That's how I felt today
Stood up at noon

Breakfast at 12:30 PM
Lunch at 1:30 PM
It's 5:27 PM now
Yeah, I'm lazy today

It got colder
I can use the Metro on Saturday, Jazz Club
The last on to drive back
At 1:05 AM

That's nice
Gives me a lot of time
No need to hurry
No need for a taxi

Today?
Yesterday I was lazy
Today even more
Come on, I'm on vacation

I will be more active again from tomorrow on.

Well, Well!

This was, in fact, a really lazy day
Had a pizza for dinner
An Italian pizza in Portugal
No fish

But tomorrow
Active again from tomorrow on
Breakfast as usual, down to the market hall
Bakery for a tea, around the corner lunch, bacalhau of course

I will have my laptop with me
To start early with writing tomorrow
Not much left from my tiredness
And the headache

Eight days are left, I have a very good feeling.

At The Harbor

Breakfast is over
Now at the harbor again
Bakery
I have my laptop with me today

Lunch later
The rest of the day we will see
A larger container ship nearby
The burning ship?

No new information
Apart from, they had problems in fighting the fire
To slack the fire ultimately
But no further information I have

It could be that the ship is still at sea
To risk nothing
But no real news I have
Looking at the larger container ship

"Arnold & Maurer"

Have continued "Arnold & Maurer"
4:48 PM
I will photograph a building now
Tried it already yesterday

But then a car parked right in front of it
Where it's forbidden
And ruined the motive
Maybe more luck now

Later eventually "Days" and "2050"
Then I have continued with everything today
"Comics" not possible, no scanner
"Graphic Art" anyway, no graphic tablet

But now photography
A coffee possibly
Had a big lunch
Jazz club tomorrow

Perhaps some writing tomorrow as well
But early upload in any case
Before I take the Metro to Porto
Will come back late in any case

However, I have to fetch the camera now.

"Days"

Worked on everything today
Nearly
"Days" missed
Had a walk

Was undecided
Buying something in the supermarket
Dinner in a restaurant
Walked around

Passed a Japanese restaurant
Young Portuguese restaurateurs try new ways
I entered
Had a wonderful dinner

The time frame of "Days"
Have to ponder about
I will have a "Days" day next week
Most likely Monday

The rest is done
Jazz in focus tomorrow
Sunday family day
We will see

More active again.

No Writing Today

Have decided to go to Porto early
Will have not much with me
The camera maybe
But not more

It seems as the concert would be in the park there
In a tent
Why not
Look forward to

But now I have to pack my stuff
Heading to Porto
To spend the day in Porto
And the concert

More on tomorrow.

Earlier

Earlier back than thought
Still time until 11 PM
Was a cool concert
Okay, not that jazzy

I would say
Some like the early Pink Floyd
Some like the early King Crimson
And Frank Zappa was also on stage

Especially the Drummer
Pedro Melo Alves, saw sometimes Nick Mason playing
The Rite Of Trio
One can find them on the Internet, can buy their music

Also made some pictures
But will upload them tomorrow
Tomorrow I will continue writing
"Days" would be good

Was a nice day
Made things
Not pondered about them
The first half is over

But still six days left
Let's use them
It will last around six months
Until back in Matosinhos

But for now, still six days left.

Time Out

Sunday
Today
I need a second time out
To let the last days sink in

Mistake
Sunday today
The bakery near the market hall closed
As the market hall itself

Today
Sunday
Everything crowded
Not good to sit around with a laptop

Tomorrow
As planned for today
After breakfast as everyday
With the laptop to the bakery

A first summary
I have opened up many doors
Made experiences
See possible developments for the next years

But

Now I have to see
How to implement all this in Germany
But I cannot plan
Because I have no experience in the new job

How it all will play out
Part-time
More in summer, less in winter
Simply being a cook

But whatever
The main focus will be on art
And the next time in Matosinhos
In approximately six months

*

Laid down in the afternoon
Now I will dress again
Wow, I took a shower, and now I'm still naked!
Come on Peter, this not will function, you old and overweight guy!

Dinner maybe
But I'm not hungry
Had lunch
We will see

But for now, let's become somewhat active again.

A Sudden Sense Of Liberty

But the morning sun,
Or sooner, the moon at night?
I have the feeling,
The past has passed - ultimately.

I have the feeling
That there has been one life
And there will be a new one
Maybe a bit pathetic, but important

The Man Without Memories
Yeah, a bygone time
Time to begin with something new
Strange, strange days have found me

A Sudden Sense Of Joy

I'm smiling
That often now
Feel unburdened
Yeah, I'm on vacation, at the ocean, the sun is shining

But there is more
Much more
Will I take it with me
When flying home?

The last time, it set in after returning
This time, already when still being here
A good sign
Why should it be a bad one?

I see a whole new world
Unfolding
Right in front of me
The feeling that I could find friends here

They say
Portuguese people like physical proximity
I do not
Like the distance

And yet
Here it seems simply being normal
To hug somebody
Or as a man, at least touching someone's shoulder or arm

I have the feeling
Suddenly
I could do suchlike as well
A few times more at the jazz club, for instance

Yeah, feeling home in a foreign place.

Overcharged

Not able to stand up this morning
I stayed in bed
I even put soft tissue in my ears
Not only to stay in darkness, but as silent as possibly as well

I needed to be as much separated as possible
From the world outside
I'm overcharged
All what I made the last week, what happened

But is it that?
I'm not certain how to behave when back in Germany
What will happen in the new job
I dislike this feeling of uncertainty

Yet
Expecting that I would come back and still the old job
That would be idiotic
Everything is meaningful so far

It's 4:17 PM
I sit at my laptop
The light is on
My ears free again

I have tilted the window
To let some from the outside in
But the curtain still closed
A bright sunny day outside

I will start with shaving now
Taking a shower
Maybe to get out later
After getting dark?

I think that all will be fine again tomorrow
Possibly writing something later
But writing is not the main focus for now
As said earlier

I have to find myself, I can do it here, can I do it in Germany as well?

5:59 PM

Yeah, managed it leave my room
Had breakfast, uma meia-de-leite and a piece of cake
Have nothing eaten so far
Drank a bit of water only

Now I am sitting at the ocean
Decided to take my laptop with me
I should become more active again
But the lazy time was necessary

Yeah,
Feel like in a dumb Hollywood movie
At the end
When everything is good again, and an open future awaits our heroes

But only,
Maybe this future won't be a good one
Well,
But this is no stupid Hollywood movie

My future is in my hand
I don't have to follow a script
Yeah, unforeseeable events
But this is true for all of us

Let's enjoy the ocean as long as I'm here.

Solaris II

Who are you?

Hello, Kathy.

"Who's speaking with me? Where are you?"

I'm in your head, not in your room. You have not to speak out loud, you simply can think it.

"How can you be in my head?"

Don't panic, Kathy. It's the way we can speak with each other – if you like to speak with me. But maybe it's better I come back later again? Would this be okay for you, Kathy?

"I think so? Perhaps I have to ask my parents?"

I fear that your parents will not believe you.

"Could you speak with my parents as well?"

I think so. But it appears to me that it's easier for me to speak with you, Kathy. Although, I think, it's better to stop now. Could I come back tomorrow?

"Well, why not. And you're only in my head?"

Yes and no. Sure, I'm somewhere, but not very near to you.

"And where are you? Could I see you?"

Effortlessly, just look out of the window of your room.

"I see the planet."

I'm the planet, I'm what you humans call Solaris II.

I'm Back

Have written some
Tomorrow more
Early up again
Always one story over the next three days

I take a deep breath
It functions
It will also function at home
Let's have four more nice days of vacation

All Done

All done
I feel it as a success
The two weeks in Matosinhos
Even if not ultimately over

The tasks are set
For the next months
Until the next time in Matosinhos
I feel strengthened

Learning Portuguese
I have got the feel that I can handle the typical difficulties
That the Portuguese language offers
I already sound somewhat Portuguese – as limited my vocabulary still is

I have to lose weight
Well, I know how to do
I have simply to tie in with the time before the beginning of 2020
As it functioned perfectly

The new job
Well, it could have also functioned last time, I have been ready
As far as it's possible to say
This job should fit good

Well,
Could have this job also the last time
I did not take the job, not because I thought that it would be a bad workplace or so
But because I wanted to limit working – not possible if being the head of the buffet section

Not at such a place
With such many buffets
But in part-time
Even if summer will not be like winter

*

I feel much better again
As over the weekend
And yesterday
Sure, it has been a success!

And I still have some time left.

Jazz

Will drive to Porto now – 6:29 PM
Have still three days for the three stories
I plan to make a stopover
To make a picture

And I would like to make it by sunlight
This time the concert is later
At 9:30 PM
Enough time for dinner in Porto

Most likely more jazzy this time.

Porta Jazz II

Back from Porto
Second concert
More jazzy than last time
But, hey!

Free jazz on steroids
With a songstress
Can not imagine seeing them in Heilbronn
Much I have seen there, but not that "extreme"

Ate a Brazilian burger in before
A place only somewhat down the street
Could this be my Porto jazz club days
First a Brazilian burger, then extraordinary concerts?

There's maybe even a bar not too far away?
Next time, end of the year
Three days left
Let's see

A first summary?
A very good beginning
Most likely a very good end
I showed signs of weakness in between

But that's okay
Very intense days
I wasn't that active for a very long time
It's exhausting but feels good

Three whole days are left.

P.S.: Did a quick research and discovered that the musicians on the stage are well-established musicians. You never stop learning, or you're dead. The songstress once worked with CAN, a German group mainly from the 70s. I have listened to an exceptional concert. Good, that I have attended it.

Savina Yannatou; Vocals
Julius Gabriel; Saxophone
Agustí Fernandez; Piano
Barry Guy; Double Bass
Rámon López; Drums

"Days"

Have created a more complex time schedule now
A different one for all three cities
Have problems with Bristol
But have the CD from the tour, I can check this when being at home again

I like the idea
That nevertheless
That the last day will be in all cities 2018 again
The story becomes even more complex

But that's okay
I have the feeling that I have it now
Apart from a few minor questions
We will see

The story seems to be on a good way.

Finished For Today

Still two days
It will be interesting to be at home again
In fact,
Matosinhos feels as being home

I walked around in the evening
And it was like walking around my hometown
I feel so integrated
Even if I'm not

Whatever
It would be interesting to alter between these two worlds
My home in Germany and Matosinhos
It's my fourth time here

Seven years
Twice a year
Would lead up to over ten times in Matosinhos
(The first this year is done, the last year would be only once, twelve times to be exact)

Wow,
Every six months or so in Matosinhos
For two or three weeks
This is a very fascinating goal

It would also structure the years
Would give the remaining years a frame
Would give me time really to integrate
Would give me time to advance in many respects

But enough for today, "2050" or "Arnold" tomorrow.

"Arnold"

Have written a larger part for Arnold
Short to three o'clock I'm sitting in the bakery / café at the market hall, looking at the bridge
Have to proofread it later
No lunch today

Plan to have Japanese kitchen for dinner for a second time
Some more writing
Tomorrow, last day, a Portuguese farewell day
Eating as much as possible

Of course fish
And more fish
We will see
Not so much writing, most probably

Am I sad?
Sure, but
I have to leave to come back
I know now how to prepare for the next time

I was so much relaxed this time
With some relapses
But over all, I'm very optimistic regarding my future in Matosinhos now
Compared with my last stay, not to talk about the second last stay

I have the feeling that this place fits excellent to me
Much more than Germany
And the USA,
Los Angeles?

Well,
Would be crazy
In any respect
Positively and negatively

Well,
My heart is yours
Westlake, Downtown West, Inglewood, or Crenshaw
Koreatown and Chinatown

Santa Monica
The pier and the beach
And I wasn't still on the far side of the mountains
The desert

But sitting here
It helps me find myself
To gain calmness
So many places to sit down, a café or a chá, a toast or something sweet

I have to smile, think about the next time in Matosinhos, the place I wanna die.

On My Way

Have taken a shower
Will dress up now
To have dinner
Gosh, is this naked writing becoming a token

No,
It's in the best case ludicrous
But I will do the upload now
The rest of the day is for relaxing

Well,
I have already to pack tomorrow evening
I will not write much tomorrow
I'm a bit melancholic

But now, dinner waits.

The Last Day

Well,
At least with nice news from the States
Okay,
Have heard it already yesterday evening

I feel good
Hope that the way back
From the airport to Bad Friedrichshall
Will not become again such stressful

The "Deutsche Bundesbahn"
We Germans are always the best
We will see
I could be home around 9 PM, theoretically!

Okay
My first workday will be Thursday
Some days to arrive at home
Mentally

And today?
Had lunch
Made two pictures
A new monthly picture

I do not feel the urge to do much today
Now I have to return
And prepare for the next time
In Matosinhos

I see my future right in front of me!

Finished

Everything done
Dinner, seafood of course
Have packed everything
Last upload in Matosinhos done

Will use the Metro to the airport
No taxi this time
I live here now
Using public transport

But
Have discovered that I have spent all my change
Not even a smaller note
Only fifty Euro notes

I doubt that the ticket machine at the Metro station will accept such a note

Well
Have anyway planned a last breakfast
I hope that I can pay there with it to get some change

If not, I will find another solution
But I plan to leave early
I doubt that the supermarket will be open that early
But I have learned, there will be a solution

And now my last night in Matosinhos – for this time around.

Aeroporto

Have arrived at the airport
Everything is done
Sitting with a coffee
So far, everything was easy

But,
Germany comes nearer
My flight delayed
Because will arrive delayed from Frankfurt

So,
The normal chaos at Frankfurt airport?
Seems so
I had to wait two hours to get my luggage the last time

And then
Driving home by train
The next obstacle
Maybe I will be the lucky guy this time, Ms. Grant?

Whatever
Have plenty of time
Maybe I will manage it to be at home even today
I should stay in Portugal

But let's enjoy the airport – oh, Peter!

Back Home

Back home I am
Not so late this time
But.....
Tomorrow maybe

Took a shower
Made a tea
Did the unpacking
Started to look through the letters on the desk

Yeah,
I'm back home in Bad Friedrichshall
To prepare and plan the next stay at my home in Matosinhos
But enough for today

Nevertheless,
It had been a fifteen-hour travel
I'm somewhat tired
But not so extreme

Let's have some tea and go to bed now, I feel very satisfied.

Last Sunday

Last Sunday not working
Will start at 10 AM on Thursday
Have a stiff neck
Started already in Matosinhos, but not want to go away

Well,
Three days
Every day a story
Thursday most likely jazz, no upload

The Eastern weekend
Time to get a feeling for the new job
For the new rhythm
But first the next three days

Had lunch together with my father
I'm tired today
It's so much colder than in Portugal
Clouds and rain

Not certain about writing today
Have slept during the afternoon
I have to fetch my car from the car shop tomorrow
Hope that it will not be too expensive

Two weeks
Only two weeks
It seems like months
I sit here and feel somewhat lost

I have to wait until next Tuesday
The first workweek will be over then
Monday a holiday, normally the restaurant is closed on Monday and Tuesday
Then it will be time for a first assessment

I should have dinner now.

Monday

I feel better than yesterday
Slowly I arrive
In Germany
Even if I'm disappointed about

Still problems with the neck, but better
Headache all the day
I feel worn out
But better than yesterday

Still two days
That will be enough
At least, I have started today
With some activities

Today?
Some writing
The weather gets better and better
Few and fewer clouds

Observing?
We will see
Upload?
Should start therewith, to upload at around midnight local time

Brew me a tea
The rest we will see
Two nights with weird and intense dreams
It's strange to be here

Have the feeling that this is not my country
I feel more and more alienated
But the only meaningful plan is
To live and work for the last seven years in Germany

Well,
In around six months in Portugal again
The last six months passed by fast
Why it should be different this time

The next time will be a crucial stay.

Observed

Have observed the first part of my stars
The second part in the morning sky
Bright moon and some haze
Difficult conditions

I will do the upload now
Then some sleep
Then the second part
It's good for me to challenge myself

More writing tomorrow.

Some Writing

Did some writing today
And other things
Installed some apps
Yeah, I'm back home

"Days" and "Comics" tomorrow
Then the first working day
Not much can happen
I do not feel bad

Still some problems with the neck
Observing yesterday, this morning, was good
Difficult, but good
I start to settle back in Germany

But I do not forget where I feel more comfortable.

Wednesday

Birthday lunch
Have eaten too much
Digestion
Like a lion

Should start some writing now
The first workday tomorrow
Eastern weekend
Let's see how all will unfold

Most likely jazz club tomorrow
And no writing
If it works
But it should

Have no working hours for the rest of the days
Cannot use the app
We will fix this tomorrow
Step after step

For the rest of the month
Finding a new rhythm
Starting losing weight
Beginning with serious learning of the Portuguese language

That should be enough
Some more ideas
But
Step by step, no need to hurry

A new upload time?
Most likely around midnight, local time
Earlier today I would say
To give me a longer rest

I feel prepared for tomorrow, still some problems with my neck.

"Days"

Fixed the timeline
And a new idea
Day one until five, it's 2018 in all cities
But then:

Los Angeles:
Waking up either in the Travel In and it's 2018
Or Jerry's Motel and it's 2017
In the other cities, the same

London:
Waking up in 2019 or as an eighteen-year-old (83/84) in the City of London (hotel?)
Matosinhos:
Waking up in 2019, or 2021, or 2022, or 2023

The first four days all normal – 2018
On the fifth day, something happens, not the first time in L.A.!
There's something wrong!
From then on, every day a different year in the different cities

Until the end
Day of departure is again February the 28th, 2018 in all cities
This seems interesting to me
I have to let this sink in

*

Enough for today
Reached a good point
I will upload now
Then to bed

I feel good
See some developments
I see that I have to write to learn
I'm on a good way

I have changed.

First Working Day – A Bit Different

Was at the workplace to start working at 10 AM
And got the information that the email was wrong
I would begin at 2 PM
Okay, initial difficulties, this can happen

But we have managed it now
That I can use the tool
To check my duty roster online
So, this is good now

Would have worked until 10 PM
No jazz club, of course
But I came earlier home
Not so much to do today, especially not for me on my first day

But too late for jazz nonetheless
And no motivation for a drink, alcohol
A lazy evening
Why not

It's to start with writing at night again
The next two days, working from 2 PM until 10 PM
Eastern Sunday and Monday, working from 12 PM until 10 PM
The new rhythm

Uploading at 12 AM local time, midnight
Uploaded will get all what's written from 12:01 AM until 11:59 PM of that day
Writing at night again
But I have to develop it slowly

And now?
Taking a shower
Some leisure time
Uploading this writing at 12 AM

Later some writing for tomorrow's upload
But not that much, I would guess
We will see
It has to develop

A somewhat strange day, welcome back in the catering business, Peter!

Nightly Again

Have written on night, again, after a longer time
And it feels good
Let's see how it will play out over the following days
For today, enough!

Deep emotions in Tennessee!

Yeah!

Three lives from now on
It seems after the second workday
And I see no problems with it
Especially regarding the possible outcome

First, the work life
Second, at home working on becoming an artist
Third, living in Matosinhos
As a possible outcome, living as an artist in Matosinhos

This seems no so bad prospect to me.

Yes And No

Yes, it seems to function
Writing at night again
And no
Today I'm distracted

Well,
Much input currently
The new workplace
The new rhythm

Matosinhos
I have a distinct aim now
Learning Portuguese
I have to give everything its time

Until the end of April
I would say
Ms. Grant accompanies me in the car
No, I didn't know the tunnel

All in all
The last days developing good
Sure
Too early to say anything substantial

In any case, I like the way of writing, again, just as at the beginning, 2015.

Third Day

Okay, I understand the working better and better now
The next two days will be long days
Ten-hour shifts
Well, I wanted to limit my working

Yeah,
It's Eastern weekend
The next days will be interesting
Tuesday will be a day for a first summing up

Not so much writing this night
I would say
In no case "Days"
"Days" is for days off

But first today's upload.

Day Off From Writing

Have watched a video about supernovae type II
And decided to write nothing this night
Let's concentrate on tomorrow
Take it slow

I have nothing to lose
But a lot to win
It's a big change
Give it time

I see that it can function
Would be good to know the continuation
The duty roster of next week
To go ahead with planing

*

I have reached a certain point
Looking at the boy starting to write in 2015
How naive he was
With all his writing about angels

How proud as his first writing was complete
Over 400 pages
Well, no story or suchlike as such
But his first finished work

Travels to the States
Los Angeles and San Francisco
With no distinct plan
And crazy dreaming

Well,
Much changed over the years
No longer Los Angeles, Matosinhos instead
Searching for a style and way

Today he feels grown up
Adult
But still haven't found his way and style
But with an insight

Old he has to become
Another person
Change is needed
More strict

He has to show, over this year,
Not to others, but to himself,
That he's able to do it,
Whatever the circumstances will be.

All seems to point
In one distinct direction
He, yet still, feels this feeling
Of uncertainty

About himself
His skills and his staying power
But less and less often
Like the tiredness and headache

*

A moment of contemplation
About the path walked
The possible path ahead
About the question: Why?

A question, so simply to answer
Art, the most beautiful a human can create
Apart the scientific insights
That shows what beautiful creatures human beings can be

Wouldn't it be nice,
Also discovering at least a bit of it in yourself,
Apart all the devastating, what's there?
It would be wonderful, so wonderful.

Wonderful to know, when dying, not only having been that monstrous human being.

Home Again

Okay, so far, the working at the new workplace is clear
Sure, not so complicated presently
Because only the Easter buffets
They always have several buffets at a day in summer

Mostly weddings
But also the other family stuff
Could it function
Yeah

Okay
Let's do the last Easter workday tomorrow
Still no hours of labor for after Tuesday
Let's see

But it's interesting
I like working in a restaurant kitchen again
Okay, I feel it
It's more demanding than the last jobs

Especially also physically
But I have the feeling that it's doing me good
I have to give it more time
To let it sink in

Therefore
I see that it can function
In any respect
Maybe even much better than the last years

But I need some more certainty
I need some more information
About the possible prospects regarding the job
But will not get it tomorrow

This night?
Some writing
But not much I would say
The next long day tomorrow

And then?
A day off
Or more?
Jazz and bar on Thursday would be nice

Whatever
Some uncertainties
But like it being in a kitchen again
To sit here writing close to midnight

It's my rhythm
Nighttime is my time
Except of when on vacation in Matosinhos
Okay, I also stood not up so early there

Walked to the pasteleria at the corner
To have uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada
Por favor
At around 10 AM

Yeah,
That's my time
Having lunch like a Portuguese, way after noon
And also dinner much later

Not like the Germans
Lunch at 12 PM
Dinner at 6 PM
It has to be that way!

But let this day die now
And the next begin
To decide what to write
Or being lazy and going to bed

I'm very relaxed nowadays,
Whatever the new job will pay,
The endgame has started,
And I will be the most lucky guy on Earth when in Matosinhos the next time again.

It's this strange feeling, whatever I will decide, whatever happens, I will be the lucky guy in the end.

The First Step

Back home
The first workweek is over
The Easter weekend
And I know how to work for the rest of the week

I wrote nothing on last night
Wanted to have the next duty roster first
Wanted to finish the Easter weekend
To get a feeling of the continuation

The rest of the week
From Tuesday until Sunday
I will work on three days
Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday

Therefore
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday days off
Lot of time to write
Jazz club and bar

Every week will be different again now
It's catering like it is
The more summer
Less and lesser time for other matters

I have to see how it will play out
During the summer
And the winter
Let yourself in for it

A new path for the work-life
One of my three lives that I have now
Aside from living in Germany, learning to be an artist
And being in Matosinhos, getting a feeling for the future

The first step, the second starts tomorrow.

Am I Through?

This question occupies my mind
Already the whole day throughout
Not much would have to happen
Then I would be confident

In around six months in Matosinhos again
Having improved my Portuguese skills somewhat
Having lost some weight
Still at the same workplace

The important aspect is
I do not have to reach a certain level, only some improvement
I do not have to reach a certain weight, only some improvement
I do not have to work there for the next seven years, only some stabilizing

Not for the first time
This feeling
Like a thoroughbred
In the starting gate

Hyper-nervous
Tensed to the extreme
Waiting for that one second
When the gate opens

It's the Matosinhos Blues
I have the Matosinhos Blues again
But so different from last time
Because I know that I will be back one day

L.A. is different
Again?
And if?
Yet how often?

A clock is ticking down
I hear the seconds
When the watch hand moves with every second
And I feel fucking ready

*

I sway to and fro
It all will find a good end
Or
It all will end in a disaster

Very dark clouds on the horizon
Will they affect me?
And to what an extent?
Even if I will be the lucky guy?

One day
It will become more and more exhausting
To walk to the ocean
Having uma meia-de-leite or a chá branco and watching the ocean

Yeah,
It's a very simple matter
It all will depend very much on
The moment when this will happen

Because it will happen one day.

A Wasted Day?

Well,
No writing as such
Again
But no, no wasted day

I'm increasingly sick of it
Always pondering about it
How this job will develop, will it function as planned
All this time-wasting

But for now, it doesn't help
Too much uncertainty
I have to come down
To relax

But to be realistic
It's not so lousy, that I have reached this point
This level
Not satisfying as such, but as a way station acceptable

It's to fear
I will never reach the mountain top
But I had to start from very down below
And the way so far was very steep and long

*

I'm undecided
Shall I see the future optimistic
Or pessimistic
I feel something cold is touching my back of the neck

It begins to envelop my neck, my throat
And I'm not certain
Shall I start to panic
Or shall I lean back and relax

Again and again
I see me with headphones in front of the computer
Listening the same song again and again
And writing down whatever comes me to mind

Like today
Only without the headphones
The music
No longer writing about angels

*

I have the insight
The next six months or so
I can do whatever I wanna
Maybe for the last time in my life

A last six months or so
To train
To prepare for being different from before
While being always different and for the rest of mycomp time

A day gone, in whatever way
A day nearer to Matosinhos
A day nearer to death
Potentially not Matosinhos, but death in any case

*

Tell me a story
But why?
Novels and movies are telling stories
But why?

Design an image, full of power and strength
Like this stupid, boring CNN jingle?
Send a message
Like this stupid, boring CNN jingle?

I would like to know it
And, potentially, I will get even an answer during my lifetime
Will the humans fail because of their own stupidity, this boundless greed
Fifteen or twenty years would be entirely sufficient

Will it not function with the energy transition
This has not to stand for the ultimate elimination of the humans
But it would stand for the end of the world as we know it
And then there's still the Russian madness, or the highly endangered democracy in the US

Twenty years
They would be very telling
The crisis from yesterday, WWII and other disasters
The crisis from today, much more destructive

WWII
Even as a "World War"
Had not the potential to destroy the world as we know it
Unleashed climate change will destroy the world as we know it completely

Improvement

Okay,
It functioned better today
In need of improvement
But okay

A good beginning
Tomorrow nothing
Friday, a day off
"Day" will be my focus on Friday

Saturday and Sunday we will see
"Comics" and "Photography" I should not neglect
"Solaris II" as well as "Surrealistic Pillow" neither
What about "Graphic Art", not to mention "Music" and "Paintings"?

Tell me where this all will lead to
And no childish answer now
To your death
Yeah, funny, we all have to die

I ask myself
Have I to decide now
Stuck at a certain – amateurish – level
Or becoming a kind of nerd

But I see therein no aim
Writing like.....say James Joyce
A book like Ulysses
Finnegan's Wake

Fascinating literature
But
Years to write a book
Will I ever finish "Days"

Every day things happen
Every day new information
Every day new thoughts
Every day new feelings

The world does not stand still
Until I have written a book
"2050" can be outdated tomorrow
Or at least in a not so far future

Tell me
Am I on a good way
Or do I kill me and my dreams
I have not to open the drawer of my desk to know that it's not there

How crazy thoughts can be
I have the feeling that
Living in America
I would already be dead

*You've been tryin' to write a novel about your cheap thrills
You think you're Hunter S. Thompson*

*Witch Hazel, Witch Hazel
Betrayal, betrayal
One gun on the table
Headshot if you're able
(Is This Happiness; Elizabeth Grant)*

Have you to become crazy
To create something special
I mean
Really crazy, not only as a game

Would I do everything
Well,
"Everything" is a big word
And I'm an older, overweight man!

Many thinkable possibilities not even theoretically present
Very limited selection
For a guy like me
Especially not living in the States

Well,
The day is over
It's like
Captured in an intermediate zone

My future could be bright
Seven short years I have only to let pass by
Three years of pandemic behind
Two times three equals six

I'm on a spaceship
All alone
It's gigantic
And I have no idea where it's from and what's its aim

But I do not belong to it, insofar I'm confident.

Fine Thursday

Was a good day yesterday
Thursday
Worked
Jazz club and bar

Especially the bar is a good place to ponder about my writing and art
Have decided to split "Days" for a time
Each city has its own scale in years now
I will write three stories for a first step now

Then I have to merge them
Plenty of time to decide in what a way
But firstly the first step
Feels like a good decision

Pondered on the long-term development of "Arnold & Maurer"
Well, it all will develop differently in the end, as always
But it's good to ponder on everything
Once a week would be no mistake

Had lunch with my father
Not cooked
An early start with writing and art today
The next two days we will see

I feel not bad
Well, it's only the second weekend now
The next week will be interesting
Of course, no working hours until now

This is one matter that I have to accept now
Working hours mostly on Sunday
For the week
But okay, Monday and Tuesday normally days off, the restaurant closed

So, let us begin.

Division

I have divided "Days" into three parts – the cities – now
And established separate timelines for each city
I think that this was a major step for the story
And somewhat exhausting

Los Angeles will reflect on 2017 and 2018 now
Matosinhos on 2019, 2021, 2022, and 2023
London especially on my youth, as an eighteen-year-old
I feel that this could become interesting

But I need a break now
Should eat something
This was a cool step
Let's see what else I will do today, or not

Good developments at present.

Nine O'clock

Near to 9 PM
Enough writing and art for today
Until midnight
Until the upload

After midnight
Some writing for tomorrow's upload
Not so much, I would say
I start to get a feel for the new situation

It's still only the second week, keep your path, made many good decisions over the last few years.

L.A. Confidential

Sunday tomorrow
Last workday of this work week
Two days off then
And "L.A. Confidential" on TV today

I'm nearly up-to-date with my writing
"2050" tomorrow
Photography
Substack? — I don't know.....

Let's see, the new duty roster tomorrow
I should have found my rhythm until the end of the month
Better now
Then previously

Standing up later
Going to bed later
That's more my rhythm
The quietness of the night

Enough for today
Some more writing tomorrow
And then we will see
How everything will develop further on

I start to lose weight and dream a lot, seems to be a good time.

Second

Second work week over
I like the rhythm
Back to the roots
Duty roster for next week

Working on four days
Wednesday, Friday until Sunday
A day off on Thursday
Will become a cozy day

Nevertheless
No upload on Thursday
And not much today
It will count from tomorrow on

Monday I will visit my mother, together with my father
I have to go to the doctor on Tuesday
The stomach again
But under control, with pills

I have to become more active
The development so far is good
Nearly no headache
Slight tiredness

Losing weight started
Much seems good
Okay, let's see how the summer will unfold
I'm in a good spirit

*

It's time now
To stop with the constant pondering
On Matosinhos
Or my writing and art

The next week will be about implementing
About writing and art
About working
About learning Portuguese

And the future?
Is wide open
Already Aristotle knew it
But this includes that it can become worse

Take a deep breath and start to become what you're dreaming about.

Not Exactly

Not exactly as wished
And planned
The day
But okay

Not visited my mother
My father didn't feel well
Did some shopping
And had problems with the PC and laptop

It appears that I have to buy something new
Most likely, we will visit my mother tomorrow
Most likely, not to the doctor, but I still have enough pills to do it next week
But at least, I wrote a larger part for "Arnold"

I see it still as preparation
To try to start to write a more complex story
With different storylines
The town and the big city, Linda and Peter, different cases, something like that
I will work on "Days" tomorrow

A break now
Then I have after midnight
Still some time to look after "2050"
The day was okay, all in all

The continuation tomorrow.

Surrealistic Pillow

The Expulsion From Paradise

Every night, when entering Paradise, all burden disappears, and a wonderful place enfolds. The beauty of the mind can unfold, the beauty that is deeply buried and not easy to find. Only in deep rest it's possible to reach such places, it's a kind of addiction.

The moment, when all external stimuli disappear, suddenly, not sensible, when the only world the internal world, then the state of deepest calmness is reached. Every, even the slightest, change of state means disturbance of the perfect balance.

If this level is reached, it's possible to discover the ultimate innermost, in strange narrations and images. Buried otherwise under the external noise, it enfolds now in pure perfection. But as wonderful that stage ever might be, it will always find an end.

It's not so disruptive at the beginning, the intermediate stage and the corresponding place, better than the coming. Some light might be disturbing, the sound of a seagull, or the whispering of the wind. In a way, these moments have their beauty, and could last forever.

Especially, when a certain up and down, from the deep inside and the intermediate stage sets in. A constant alternation, that could last forever, but will find a sudden and brutal end. In a brutal rip, suddenly all the external is back again, and no way back is possible anymore.

A moment of disorientation, of a deep sadness, nearly despair, when having to accept that the door is closed again. Only one hope remains, to enter the Paradise again, soon again, as soon as possible again, as long as possible. But not for now.

Now the dazzling brightness reigns again, the hurting external noise, the no more being alone, while exploring the internal universe. All this awakes the craziness and insanity that's part of me, give it free rein, hardly to keep in line.

The expulsion from Paradise, every day, every day of a week, month, year, life. And on the last day of life? The endless darkness will swallow everything. No internity anymore, this Paradise will be gone forever.

Solaris II

Hello Again

Hello Kathy

Hello

You're well-trained in our way of communication now

Yes

How do you feel today

You know that all enjoy being here and with you

Yeah

We still have no name for you

I have no name

Then I can give you a name

Yes

Really

Yeah

Then I name you will be.....well,.....

Not so easy as it seems on first hand

Yes

We can do it later

You said that you can see all I know and remember

Yes

Then you know that I have to leave tomorrow

Yes

And if I find no name for you until tomorrow

You will come back

We're not that rich and cannot afford such an expensive travel that easy

Time has no meaning for me so I can wait

But I have also heard that your star will die one day

That's true

And you will die with your sun

I'm not convinced about that this has to happen

But you're so huge

Pardon

It will be difficult for you to leave your planet in sufficient time

We talk about a very far future

I'm sad

Because you will leave tomorrow

Yes

You will come back and I will wait for you

I love you

I love you too

The way we're talking

Yes

Can't we continue this when I'm on Earth again

The distance it too vast

I'm sad

Don't be sad because there's no reason for it. You will come back, and I will be still here to welcome you again. You can ponder on a name for me meanwhile if you like. It will be very fascinating for me to hear what your decision will be. Maybe you will find a solution to stay for longer here, could be?

Yes, I already have an idea. I will come back to stay.
I know, I really do know
Bye, my unnamed friend
Bye, Kathy

Ups And Downs

A day with ups and downs
Good writing and bad writing
Moments of concentration
Severe distraction

Have visited my mother
Together with my father
I wasn't there for a longer time
My father said that she spoke much today

Well, dementia
I thought
What would I do
Realizing that

I don't want to live in a retirement home
I think
Would I realize that writing no longer functions
I would no longer wish to live

Well,
She still reacts to you in some moments
And she still feels something
But it's difficult for me

I see the day
In Matosinhos
When it becomes so difficult to reach the beach
So exhausting

When I'm disorientated
And no longer understand
No longer able to do matters by myself
Then it will be no longer worth

Suicide
Enough I have written
Should start to write the corresponding paragraphs for "Memories"
Yeah, have already written a suicide note - "Hoax News"

There will be the time for another one
Chapter whatever for "Memories"
The last chapter
With only one paragraph

But isn't it strange
Such thoughts can motivate you
Can calm you down
In this absurd world

Gosh,
I have the feeling that I will never see the large ocean again
Shot because ringing the wrong doorbell
Shot dead because using the wrong driveway

What an insane society is this?
Being in Portugal
Two people shot dead, the news, a crime
I do not know details

Sometimes you simply feel empty.

Suddenly

Back from work
Wow, it's a clear night
Was not predicted
But, okay

Have made my first, now short, session
In two hours or so I will continue
Tomorrow a day off
Thursday, jazz club and bar, no upload

Perfect timing
I hope that no clouds will appear
Would be nice to observe the rest of my stars as well
We will see

All develops good so far.

Thursday

It's Friday
2:11 AM
Have written some
Will go to bed

Jazz and bar before
It functions better and better
Feel better and better
Not that I see no difficulties

But I get the feeling
I can manage everything
My working life, the last years, a kind of mess
But I continued with writing

This gives me self-confidence
I managed it the last years
Why I shouldn't be capable to manage it the remaining years
Until retirement?

Enough for now
Three workdays now
It's still April
Since two weeks in the new job

I feel strengthened.

A Long Day

Has been a longer day
11:39 PM, just arrived
Upload and shower
Some writing thereafter

Feel good
The working is doing me good
I nearly feel like before the pandemic
At the beginning of 2020

Let's see.

Saturday Night Live

Back home
Took a shower and ate something
Upload from the last night written
Still expanding "Arnold"

The next workweek will be over tomorrow
Was an interesting week with good progress
It's still April
I have started on the sixth of April with the new job

Could develop in a good way.

Solaris II

Welcome Back

Our spaceship approached the space station, one of the space stations, one of the many which orbited Solaris II nowadays. Should I say, the space station, the newest premium deluxe space station, the newest pearl of the United Planetary Cooperation? But yet, as we started with the docking maneuver, no nice words over the loudspeakers, for us, the passengers. We were no normal passengers, this was no normal flight, we would not come to spend our vacation on board of the space station, we came to work there.

It would be not my first time that I would orbit Solaris II, but so many years and efforts it had cost me to be able to return. As a young girl, together with my parents, I had been here for a time, had strange memories about an imaginary friend. Or, had I really had a word with, whatever Solaris II covered? I had read every book about Solaris II, had watched every documentary, listened to those who told about their experiences, while orbiting Solaris II. Not much fitted in with my memories, I wasn't able to say why. Maybe my memories failed me, perhaps these other people could not remember everything correctly, might be that they simply lied.

Many years had gone by, the five-year-old girl that I had been, and now I would be back again. Had managed it, I hardly could believe it, to get one of these so extremely sought-after jobs on board of a space station, orbiting Solaris II. Sorry, the new ultimate standard in experiencing your one-of-a-kind journey while orbiting Solaris II. I had been the best graduate in my year of the United Planetary Cooperation Academy, it had been the only focus in my life, to return to Solaris II.

Not long that I returned from Solaris II, together with my parents, my mother suddenly died. It was a sudden death, a strange and seldom infection, my father raised me from then on all alone. He had a good job, I had all that I needed, but to travel to Solaris II again was no longer an option. But now I had returned.

*

A room where all the new staff were assembled, a door opened, an important looking man entered the room.

"I'm your chief supervisor, Mr. Arnold Reynolds, and for the United Planetary Cooperation I welcome you all to our brand new space station. I will give you some basic information about the life and working on such a space station - the privilege to work on such a space station and for the United Planetary Cooperation. We will divide you regarding your various workplaces thereafter, then you will meet your responsible supervisor. But before I start, where is Ms. Kathy Finnegan?"

"I'm here, sir, Mr. Reynolds."

"You were the top of the class of your year, if I'm correctly informed?"

"That's right, Mr. Reynolds."

"Well, it's not our normal standard, but I have a message for you."

He showed, with these words, an envelope that he pulled out of his jacket. I stepped forward and took the envelope.

"You can open the envelope, Ms. Finnegan. I'm not sure, but potentially a welcome address from the company?"

I opened the envelope, a small envelope like for a business card. In it was, in fact, a little kind of business card, with only a few words on it:

Welcome back, Kathy!

The Next Week

Feel comfort
Next workweek, despite the holiday on March the first
Only four workdays
But three with longer shifts

Therefore,
Some more working hours
But I have the feeling that it's good for me
It's the right madness for me

I like the late writing
Well, give me two weeks more time
To get used to it better again
But this fits better to me than the last jobs

Still April, have the feeling that I would have worked there already much longer.

Distracted

Had some to do today
Was at the doctor
Had time today
The next gastroscopy

But got new pills either
So, everything under control
I need an appointment now
The rest we will see

Not much I will write today
Some shopping tomorrow
Have to drive to Heilbronn
To fix the appointment

Nevertheless,
I'm satisfied with all developments so far
Even if not much writing will be done today
All bases are loaded

Need a moment for a good hit
Life is the pitcher
And he's fucking good
But not perfect

Take your time, Peter. You still have a lot of it. I'm absolutely sure about it.

Something Went Wrong

Something went wrong today
As I went to the doctor I had already slight problems with my stomach today
But it got worse since I'm back
I nearly had to vomit twice

I think that I have forgotten to take the pill this morning
Have taken one
It seems to help
It's somewhat better now

But I'm freezing
Something is not as it should
I will upload the few that I have written so far
To go to bed

It should be good again tomorrow
If it was, in fact, a forgotten pill
I have not to work tomorrow
So, no reason to panic

But finishing the day and going to bed seems the best for the moment.

On Rails Again

Yeah, it seems that I have simply forgotten to take the pill yesterday
Everything is okay again today
As far as, I feel no pain
Was in Heilbronn to get an appointment for a gastroscopy

Well,
At September would be possible
Not really meaningful
This is also Germany

A good health care system as such
Especially the family doctors
But if you need a specialist
Then it can happen that you have to wait very long

We have, in Germany, simply not enough of some medical specialists
I will try to get an earlier appointment at another medical office
But I would prefer those where I was already before
Okay, they said, if I find no better appointment I should ask again

Was on my feet the whole day
7:02 PM
It's good
Have lost weight

Some writing now
The next days will be interesting
How good I can implement writing
More working hours over the next days

It will be the time, next week
For a first résumé
And I would say that it will be positive
Good development after only three workweeks

I have a slight headache
But I feel every pound less
Was the same at the end of 2019 and the beginning of 2020
If it continues, then I will have reached soon this stage again, the beginning of 2020

Then I would reach a new all-time low in weight during next month
After my maximum weight
And this would be important
And good for my physical state

But now, some writing.

Timeline London

I have established a timeline for London now "Days"
Found the exact date for the concert
But also the birth of the "Royal Baby" and the other events will define it
All that happened while I stayed in London in 2019

This is good progress
Los Angeles – back in time and confusion
London – remembering being a young person, melancholic
Matosinhos – forwards in time, older now, looking forward to being in fact old

It needed some time
But now I have the structure for all three cities
Now I can start to fill the framework
The basic work is done

Productive

Productive today
Even if it will not be reflected in much that's written
Have written an important email
The community college

To start with planing
Have it long in mind now
To give classes again
Yeah, also to make some extra money

Let's see what feedback I will get
But it feels good to do something
Stronger I feel
Why do I have this song in mind now?

Whatever, I feel more and more relieved.

Aims

What shall be the aim of my life?
I'm confused
About life
As such

Can ponder about it tomorrow
While listening to jazz
And drinking cocktails later
I like "Days" and "Arnold"

I quarrel with "2050"
Why doing this prophecy,
When can simply wait and see?
"Memories" as a kind of testimony?

I feel tired today
But in a different way
Feeling pain while recovering
Still April

The last job seems years ago
Fading memories
I have no sense of time
I feel benumbed

Reversed World (Of Thoughts)

It's striking
I no longer ponder about working
I ponder much about me
My aims, the past years, the years ahead, the retirement

Much is in progress right now
A new situation
New aspects are in focus now
With an open end

The new working
Feels like being back
At the place of my apprenticeship
All seems so familiar

The focus shifts
And writing and art
Becomes questioned
To get strengthened

Not a month after the last time in Matosinhos
But could be that I need another month
All the crises of last year
I think that I have managed them in a good way

I believe increasingly in myself.

Crisis!

At the bar
After the fantastic jazz concert
They will no longer open on Thursdays
Only on Fridays and Saturdays

Pondered about it
While drinking two nice cocktails
Bad?
But I found a solution, opened on Friday until 2 AM

From next week on
Wednesday at night writing for Thursday's upload
Thursday, no bar, I will be easily back home before midnight after the jazz concert
Uploading the writing from Wednesday night on Thursday

Thursday at night writing for Friday's upload
Friday uploading the writing from Thursday after returning home from work, before midnight
Then
Shower and thereafter bar at night, no writing on Friday at night for Saturday's upload

Therefore,
No uploading on Saturday from next week on
But uploading on Thursday from next week on
The rest as always

That's the plan
And I have the feeling that it does not sound so bad
Writing at night
Bar at night

Sounds like a perfect match.

No

No further writing today
This night
1:05 AM
Well, would have still time

But,
Enough for today
Tomorrow a long day
And time for writing

The next week
Will become interesting
I have the feeling that this could become an improvement
Jazz and bar separated, like in the good old days

Sitting in a bar at night
It's a nice feeling
Like writing at night
But not today

I'm somewhat tired
Gardening in the afternoon
Helped my father
Had to repair my telescope

I have the idea that I should write poetry
Real poetry
Maybe with rimes
The alcohol, the cocktails?

Like song texts
But mainly about love
And I'm not in love
Like 10cc

Could it be that I will be, one day?

Next Week

Next week on Friday
I will be on my way to the bar
For a bar night
Let's see

Longer day today
But okay
Not sure what to write later
Two days, then I will have some time to reorientate

I have to see what feedback I will get from the community college
I have to reorientate regarding collecting
Started to shorten my astronomical program to make it easier for me
Everything gets reappraised now

I have to get some more confidence
To start with some activities
Like to practice my sense of rhythm with the MIDI board
Some activities I have to question

For instance Substack
Or my Patreon page
It seems that the next months will be a time of reframing my activities
Artistic and non-artistic

That has to be
And is okay if done over the summer
To be ready next fall and winter
To set the orientation for the next years

Regarding my person
My activities
My focusing
Working is now only a marginal condition

But it's still April, we will know more in one, better two, months.

No Upload

Have written nothing last night
But that's okay
Need a moment, to pause for a moment, to ponder
I have to be more focused

Regarding some private issues
But also regarding writing and art
But I hesitate
It's not so easy for me to give things up

I would like to observe many more stars
Up to fifty stars a night I did observe in the past
Between twenty and twenty-five currently
The goal would be twenty

But which stars giving up
I know so many I would like to observe as well
Not to give up some
It hurts

But it's better
To concentrate on some
Makes it easier
I'm getting older

The same with writing and art
I know that I should stop Substack
Does the Patreon page make sense?
Is "2050" meaningful

I should invest more time in "Days"
Now that I have found an interesting framework
I should develop "Arnold" into a complex story
"Other Arts"?

Does "Graphic Art" is meaningful?
As long as I have even to train the basics
"Comics"?
Give it a break?

Concentrating on "Photography"
Would be potentially more productive
But I hesitated
Would like to make even more

It's a process
And it hurts
I have "Solaris II" and "Surrealistic Pillow" as well
Portugal?

"As A Guest In Matosinhos"
Or something like that
I have to write in the world of today
The past is past and the future is wide open

Writing about the past is boring
Calling Hitler a swine is boring today
Could be that Mikey Mouse will kill DeSantis
And the swine from New York dies in legal trouble

I know, sense, only one tense
Present
Everything else is meaningless
Out of reach, in both directions

I need a moment of reconsideration.

Back On Sunday

No upload again today
But it's okay
Needed the time-out
Tomorrow continuing

The next two days will be to restructure the webpage
Okay, not dramatically
And maybe not finally
But some change is needed

Next week we will see how it will play out
Jazz on Thursday, bar on Friday
Upload on Thursday, but no upload on Saturday
Sounds not so bad to me

Tomorrow it will go on.

Let's Begin

Monday, 8:13 PM in Germany?
Well, Tagesschau nearly over, weather, soon the prime-time movie on TV begins
Or
Starting to write

Socializing for lunch
Being lazy, have slept some hours
I will begin now with implementing matters
Today some, tomorrow more

Checked

Have noticed that I have received my duty roster half an hour ago
No working on Wednesday
I can use therefore also this day for the implementing, two more days in addition to today

So,

I can start relaxed today
With an open outcome
The reduction in work time seems to play out

Okay,

Less and lesser during the upcoming months
I will also work more and more overtime then
But they are for winter, to have more spare time then

*

A negative development at the workplace?

It appears that a workmate in my part of the kitchen has quitted
But I know no details and I just heard it before I drove home on Sunday
I have worked together with him some hours on Sunday, he said nothing, but okay, I'm the new one

Not certain in what a way this would or could affect me
But he headed this part of the kitchen in a way
I have to see what will be the case on Thursday
In any case, no jazz club on Thursday

I will start working at noon Thursday until Saturday, Sunday at 10 AM
With long workdays
No jazz on Thursday, but I still plan a bar night on Friday
Upload on Thursday, but no upload on Saturday

*

I feel good

There are still ups and downs
But the overall development is upwards
And that's all what's needed

But let us begin now with the first shift until midnight, let it become three productive days.

First Shift Over

A good start
Uploaded everything written so far
Concentrated on "Days"
Worked on the timelines and the "dramatization"

It will become less confusing and chaotic as firstly planned
I think this is not my style
Satire, exaggeration, hypothetical writing.....aspects like these
I'm not "exalted" enough

I'm a boring old man
Introverted, not extraverted
I look at the hotel, not stay in it
Knowing that it's only a facade

It's dark but just a game
As Mrs. Grant sings it
It's all about pretending something
Those who are real do not need the glam

Like Marilyn Manson
A facade with only some shit behind it
Just enough to scary some white US teens
He, using Nazi style, is a joke

The real darkness one can find in the crematory in Auschwitz
Or in Bakhmut
And many other places around the world
But not while listening to such a glam rock musician

Time for a second shift.

Second Shift

Second shift is over
3 AM
Not bad so far
I try to develop "Arnold"

But not definitively certain about the further development
But I think that I should finish this stage now
Getting cases
They should start with the investigation

The future of "2050" has to be decided
"Memories" has to be continued
Tasks for after having slept
"Other Arts" will be the topic for Wednesday

But enough for today.

First Shift On Tuesday

First shift of today is over
12:47 PM
Have started early with continue writing on "Arnold"
Cooked and ate

Now this part is written
I will mow the lawn now
Later I have to proofread "Arnold"
The second shift of writing thereafter

But some gardening first.

Second Shift On Tuesday

Finished
4:43 PM
Now I have to ponder about "2050"
I'm undecided

On one hand
Not my way to write
On the other hand
Playing the prophet?

The fine thing is
Predicting a lot
Something will happen
And then you can say: I have predicted it!

I have written about it in my novel
Okay, most I have written did not happen
Predict every year that the Pope will die
You will be the prophet one day

I'm undecided.

Decided Not To Decide

About "2050"
I'm still undecided
But I have deleted "Graphic Art" as a first step
"Comics" and "Photography" have to be my focus tomorrow

"Substack" and "Patreon"?
No need to hurry
Let's decide about "2050" as first
And let us continue with "Comics" and "Photography"

Short to 10 PM, enough time to continue.

Decision

I will delete "Substack" as well
It simply makes no sense
"Days" and "Arnold" need more attention
"2050"?

Tomorrow
Either I continue writing or I stop writing
"Comics" the same
Have to make a new picture for the webpage tomorrow, maybe some more

A whole day left.

Nearly Done

"Comics" and "Photography" found their continuation
"Photography" anyway
"Comics", would be sad would there be no continuation
Therefore, "2050" left

Okay,
There's no reason for any overhastiness
But I would like to solve the problem
Let's see

It appears that the night will be a clear night
Moon in the sky
Difficult if it's hazy
But it seems to become a good night

Then I will observe
But should also have some time for writing for tomorrow's upload
Four long workdays are waiting
And a new rhythm

Let's see if I can decide regarding "2050".

Killed

I killed "2050"
It's only consistent
"Days" and "Arnold" have to become my two major projects
"Memories" in addition, as a very long-time project

Then I still have "Solaris II" and "Surrealistic Pillow"
Included in "Insights"
I will add "Matosinhos Blue"
As a preparation for a longer story dealing with Matosinhos, "Death In Matosinhos"

A kind of Dubliners?
Cannot be
'Cause I'm no Dubliner
Not living in Matosinhos

It will be a view from outside
But I think that also this can be interesting
I will try to use different genres
To grapple with Matosinhos and Portugal, my feelings and hopes and dreams related thereto

The restructuring is finished therewith
I can concentrate on less
But still have many opportunities
And still time to develop more

Sometimes it's good to kill something, but not in Atlanta!

No Observing

As feared
Light clouding, or some kind of haze
Together with the moonlight
A killer in any way

So,
No observing
11:18 PM
Will do the upload now
Will need somewhat longer today

Then I can concentrate on some writing
"Matosinhos Blue" would seem natural
Let's see
First the upload and restructuring

Productive three days it has been.

Matosinhos Blue

The First Time In Town

I met Amanda Palmer in Stuttgart, not only attended the concert, as a Patreon of her, I met her, with the other Patreons, in a park not far away from the venue. I stood in front of her, had planned to address her, but in the end, I not dared to do so. Yeah, I am like I am!

Then I thought about a second try, I looked where she would perform as well, after Stuttgart. I decided for Braga in Portugal, for no specific reason. Okay, the easy way would be to fly from Frankfurt to Porto, by train from Porto to Braga. Porto, at the ocean? Well, the small ocean, the Atlantic Ocean, not the large ocean, the Pacific Ocean, like in Los Angeles. But anyway, at least an ocean.

I decided to fly to Porto, to stay a few days in Porto, to take the train to Braga, concert, back to Porto for a second short stay, back to Frankfurt. I searched for a place to stay and saw that there would be a nice area. Not far away from the airport, with a long beach, a certain distance to the city center, the train station, but obviously good public transport existed. Then I discovered that I would not stay in Porto, but in Matosinhos – a problem? Well, Porto obviously not that much near the ocean situated, at the river, but I wanted to see the ocean as often as possible? Therefore, Matosinhos and not Porto, why not. And as I noticed that there would be a hotel in Matosinhos, very near to the ocean, named D'el Rei - come on, D'el Rei!

Well, this was the reason to travel to Matosinhos for the first time. And? Well, I felt it nice to be there, calming down, so different compared with Los Angeles! Yeah, only the small ocean, but an ocean at least? It was at the end of 2019, soon the pandemic would begin. It was not to think about travelling again, for a longer time, but Matosinhos had become a part of me. I decided to travel to Matosinhos again, exactly two years later, still the pandemic, but fewer restrictions, and Portugal handled the pandemic at least as good as Germany. Therefore, there was no reason to travel not to Matosinhos again, even if one had to wear a mask on the airplane, for instance. And? The reason for the second travel was to see what would be my impression, staying there for a longer time, and only there. And? It was wonderful, relaxing, and in a way a lie!

I am who I am – I had my problems, also there. In a way, it was a mess, but then it was stunning, it was perplexing. I had the feeling, as I flew back, that I had missed a big chance. So much different than Los Angeles, so much more human, could this be an alternative? I flew for the third time to Matosinhos, exactly a year later – and it was much better than the last time! I had the feeling that I could find my place there, a feeling I had never sensed in Germany. Yeah, Los Angeles, in a way as broken as I, but would that be a good combination? Not to mention the shitty health care system, I would live there as a pensioner, really old. Gun violence, even in California, at the gas station for instance, or at a parking, at the wrong place at the wrong time? And all the time it was all about the money, to pretend something, no substance, as the fucking Hollywood sign? What a difference in Matosinhos. Apart from the obvious, still living in Europe, an excellent health care system, fantastic food, a much better society. Sure, poverty also there, differences in wealth, most likely not less than in the US, but a different culture anyway. I returned to Germany.

And then something happened, the weeks after being in Germany again, the feeling that I had found my place. I decided to return as fast as possible, and six months later, a few weeks ago, I was there for a fourth time. I had learned a few phrases, to get the feeling how it would be, not always speaking English, but Portuguese. Well, I'm still who I am, but it functioned perfect, for my standards, I have to say! Yeah, I still had my difficulties, my weak moments, but many positive moments as well. Two concerts in the jazz club in Porto, for instance. Always in the morning entering the same pasteleria, mostly uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. The feeling arose, during this two weeks, how nice it could be living there, especially when speaking Portuguese.

That's it so far. My first time in Matosinhos. The plan would be, for the next seven years, until retirement, to stay every six months or so in Matosinhos. To get used to the people, the culture, the language, to prepare to live there, to become a Portuguese. At least as far as possible, as a German,

for a person like me. But in any case, if not under such pleasant circumstances like in Matosinhos, Portugal, then where else it should be possible for me, to find a place that I could name: This is my home!

Oh, Lizzy!

How deep you're in my mind
Lana Del Rey (Ray)
But that's how my mind functions
A hotel in Matosinhos

D'el Rey I have written in "Days – Matosinhos"
But
D'el Rei it's called
I had to correct it!

Oh, Lizzy
Mrs. Grant
May Jailer
You still confuse me!

Enough for the night, let's have some nice dreams.

After A Long Day

After a long day
I'm home again
Have eaten something
Will take a shower now

Later some writing for tomorrow's upload
No writing tomorrow, Friday, for Saturday
No upload on Saturday
But the first "night at the bar" on Friday

I have the feeling that it could function.

Good Or Lousy?

Have written a passage for "Arnold"
Whatever came into my mind
Is it good
Or lousy

I'm a bit tired
Ten hours shift
02:13 AM
Problems with tenses?

Shall I proofread it again tomorrow
What's written is written, that's the law
And I should go to bed
The next ten hours shift tomorrow

But,
I have to say,
I have the feeling that this working is doing me good,
As well as the nightly writing.

At Home

Next day is over
The second of the long days
Brewed me a tea
Next, taking a shower

To the bar later
No nightly writing
But nightly drinking
Most likely one cocktail with, and one without alcohol

An earlier upload today
To take it slow
A long day tomorrow again
Sunday earlier at home

But now the shower, then the upload.

The Next Week

Over
And after some long days
I do not feel that bad
Still upwards

A summary
The last week
It seems to function
Not the bar

Jazz next week again
The bar says, on social media, that it's still open on Thursdays
I'm somewhat confused
Bar on Friday does not function

Okay,
If this is my biggest problem
There will be a solution
Even if it should mean, no or another bar

Apart from that
The week was good
Waited to get the new duty roster
Now I have it

Five workdays next week
Around forty hours
Some hours overtime, as planned
Hours to use them in Winter, to have more spare time during winter

To spend three weeks in Matosinhos at the end of the year
Two at the beginning of next year
Having more time together with my father
A week or so at the Baltic Sea might be.....

*

No writing for today's upload
Even if I'm at home since 7 PM
Friday killed my rhythm
I need a restart tomorrow

And some time this evening
To digest this week's experiences
No jazz, bar not functions
I became very fast widely accepted and respected at work

Tomorrow
Will be for new orientation
And writing
To plan the next week

Most likely back to the "as usual"
No upload on Thursday
Jazz on Thursday
Bar or no bar cannot be the problem

But an upload at the rest of the days
Concentration on "Arnold" and "Days"
"Insights", "Comments", and "Memories" as daily writing
More "Photography" and "Comics"

*

I see the potential
Have lost weight
I feel fitter
Even if the work is much more, physically and mentally, demanding than the last jobs

Could this be the key point
That I need this kitchen madness
Working at late hours
We will see

It starts now
This weekend was more to do as the last
This noon six events at once
But all relatively small

Some large events next week
And several smaller ones
Let's see how good it will function
We will not be much at Pentecost

So,
I will know more at the end of the month
It happens fast
But that's okay

But enough for today.

10:33 AM

Stood up early
Took a shower
Preparations for lunch
Checked my bookmarked Internet pages

Now
Brewing a tea
A bit relaxing
Lunch

Then we can see how the day will unfold.

Tuesday

Busy so far
Doctor, cooking, shopping
I have a headache today
But, apart from that, I feel good

Watched several videos relating to quantum physics and cosmology
The next five workdays will be interesting
More to do
But they could play out

The next two days
Early beginning, early at home again
The following three days
Very long days

Thursday
Jazz and eventually bar
No upload
But on the rest of the days

It will be interesting to see, how I feel at the end of the month.

No

No further writing today
Headache
It's difficult to concentrate
It will be interesting to see the outcome of the next five days

Give it a bit more time
The first month was positive
This month so far as well
I need my time to orientate

Good initial points
But I have to do it step by step
I feel nervous
Like I would have a first date

I think it would be good to spend some time outside.

Coming Home

Was out for a while
Helped
Worked on "Days"
Matosinhos

All dates are fixed now – some changes
All three parts are developing very differently now
What I like
This story reunited would become a very complex story

Would have still some time
But headache again
I should have time to write after working tomorrow
Thus, I will go to bed early

Tomorrow
"Days" again would be good
Los Angeles and London
As well as "Comics"

Satisfied with the last two days, better than last week.

Homeward Bound

Arrived
Somewhat later as thought
Worked somewhat longer
To have not so much to do tomorrow

To be able to leave working on time
Maybe even somewhat earlier
But nevertheless
Should have some time to write

A good first workday.

London, But Not L.A.

The timeline for London is set now
But I have my problems with Los Angeles
Progress
But not finished

But enough for today
It functioned no bad
I have the feeling that I manage it to advance
In working and art

The day off tomorrow
No art tomorrow
No upload tomorrow
But jazz

Not such a bad prospect, I would say.

Back Home From Jazz

As so often
A fantastic concert
Axel Kühn Trio
But no bar

Have not looked up if open today
Bar or not bar
Is not the important question
For the moment

Have the framework for Los Angeles as well now
Now I can start to write
I will start with the morning routines
Alone in Matosinhos several

The first day
The flights
The airports
Much stuff to begin with

Look forward to the upcoming months.

At The End Of A Perfect Day

Well,
Most likely not perfect
But very good
Even if very long

Even longer than expected
But I feel not bad
The back somewhat
And, of course, I'm somewhat tired

Let's see what's later to write
Maybe not that much
But some writing in any case
A very long day also tomorrow

But now a moment of relaxing.

Okay

Not so much writing this night
But okay
After over ten hours of intensive working
It's okay

But I feel more and more secure
I can deal with the working
And I see the time for art
Better and better every week

It's the sixth weekend in this job
It's like having it done for a very long time
I'm responsible for starters and desserts
How many festivities we have this weekend?

Thirteen at least
But I think more
The next on Monday
The next two on Wednesday

One with three hundred guests on Thursday – jazz club?
The summer season starts
But I feel good
And more and more secure

It's okay for today, let's see how tomorrow will unfold.

Second

Second long day over
But every day
When back home
I feel better

I can handle the stressful working better and better
In fact
I do not feel really tired right now
No headache

Sunday, tomorrow
Work starts at 10 AM
No writing at night therefore
But enough time after working to write at least some

Monday a buffet
But I do not expect that I have to work
My days off
"Days In Los Angeles", "Arnold", "Comics", and "Photography"

It appears to me that the decision for this workplace pays off.

Home

Even later than thought
Over nine extra hours this week
Next week even more are planned
Five long days in a row

Well,
Will get interesting
I feel today, after the fifth day, better than after the first day of the week
Have lost significant on weight

Well,
Next week no jazz club
But regular uploads should be no problem
No upload on Thursday – let's establish it ultimately as fixed

If I could proceed with this development
It would become an interesting summer
A new cook will begin in July
The new - very old - "lifestyle" is doing me good

*

10:28 PM
Would be time for at least some writing
But let's see what the final result in Turkey will be
And, as last week, I need time to let the last days sink in

*

Well,
Started to listen to music
Émilie Simon
Will I be able to buy me tickets tomorrow?

Would be fucking cool, Émilie Simon in Paris at the end of the year.

No Tickets

Well,
I'm somewhat confused
Have I made a mistake
Thought that the sale starts today

But,
Not,
I'm registered now to get an email,
If the sale for those without a subscription begins

Since then
I check my emails every few minutes now
Spam as well
But nothing

Seems as I have made a mistake
But I'm sure
There was a notice that the sale would begin today at noon
Which I no longer find, and no other notice when the sale begins

And now?
Let's see
There would be a festival in November
As an alternative

*

Was somewhat tired in the morning
Not that active today
But it's interesting to see
How good I can deal with the new work

The next increase in work this week
But I'm optimistic
But I feel distracted
Somewhat confused

*

At the end of the month
No later than the beginning of next month
I should have reached the weight again
Of the beginning of 2020

The last three years
The last three stupid years
Should be erased therewith
And I can start anew

Let's ease into writing
And see what will happen
Bad weather outside
Much too cold and way too many clouds

I have the feeling that I have managed it ultimately to turn.

Not Knowing

Not knowing how to decide
But I have to decide
That I know
Now

Now I know
Now I have to decide
I have put it off as long as possible
I'm nervous

It seemed all okay at the beginning of 2020
I lost weight constantly
A new job, pâtisserie
Two fantastic concert tickets for March – Mrs. Grant and Agnes Obel

None of the concerts happened
The job, a huge disappointment
The pandemic, between working and mostly short-time (100%)
I gained weight again, three wasted years followed

The pandemic is over
The concert with Agnes Obel happened after two and a half years
The new job and the working times are fitting excellent
Lost over 15 lbs over the last few weeks

I'm highly accepted at working after the short time
It's good, no longer working as a head chef or so
I can concentrate on my working
And I'm good, fast, and reliable

Jazz clubs in Heilbronn and Porto
I see my future in Matosinhos
I see my writing
But I hesitate

I do not dare to do the last step
I'm more self-confident now
Then the last years
Not to talk about my youth

But there's this underlying anxiety
To decide ultimately
To cross the bridge
To decide on a track

It's easy in a way
Not to decide
At least not ultimately

But some say that you can't be an artist, not if you don't cross the bridge and never look back again

It drives me crazy!

Matosinhos Blue

The City By The Bay

No, not Topanga, but Matosinhos. And no comparing of Matosinhos with Topanga now, Topanga wouldn't have a chance, it would be unfair. But Matosinhos and Heilbronn, my town of birth. Surprisingly, possibly, Matosinhos has distinctively more inhabitants than Heilbronn. It puzzled at least me, as I discovered it for the first time. Matosinhos appears much more human sized, more humane than Heilbronn, even when walking through the residential districts with the apartment towers. We cannot mention the beach or the market hall, that would be unfair, but everything in Matosinhos feels more comfortable, warmer. Cleaner, more inviting, greener, only seeing a house with Portuguese wall tiles, being in one of the parks. Being in Matosinhos feels like travelling back in time, the time we had two butcheries and two bakers in Kochendorf alone, a quarter of Bad Friedrichshall, where I live. Today, we have no bakery and no butcher anymore, in Matosinhos you see them constantly. And all the small cafés and pastelerias? Those we never ever had. Matosinhos is larger than Heilbronn, and of course Bad Friedrichshall, but is so much more inviting and friendly to life, to live there.

On A Day, 6:55 PM

Tuesday
Doctor in the morning
For some time in a café
Cooked dinner over a longer time

Well,
Check at the doctor
A few trifles
But nearly all data in a perfect range

Well,
Sat in a café for some time and read
Should do this regularly
I have to develop some routines

No lunch

Cooked for a longer time in the afternoon, after back from the café
For dinner and the rest of the week – asparagus and (Swabian) pancakes
I have to work, no lunch together with my father for the rest of the week

And now?

Well,

Let's start with some writing
But nothing has to be

*

I have the feeling that this is a critical moment in my development

And I can do nothing wrong
If I give it the necessary time
Not becoming impatient

Like with losing weight
I lose weight every week now
It's not relevant how much
It's only important that it becomes a permanent process

Then it's only a matter of time
Until I will have reached the aim
And after so many years being overweight
One have not to ponder about a few months faster or longer

The same is true for all other matters
Let's develop it over the summer
I should have a good deal of time in winter
I could be through with everything at the beginning of summer next year

Okay,

I await the next five days
They will be very telling

If I can handle them, if the upwards trend continues, then I can start to relax

I'm very tensed up at the moment.

Two Days

The two days off
Come to an end now
I'm still trying to structure them
But it functioned better than last week

Five workdays now
No jazz club
But no upload on Thursday nevertheless
But on the other days

No "Days", "Comics" and "Photography"

But anyway

Tomorrow I have time

For more, even if not for all

*

I have the feeling that I'm on my way

To find my inner peace

But

To what a price

Self-denial?

Becoming devoid of empathy?

Indifference?

Or maybe the necessary key to reach my aim?

I ponder a lot

And I know that I have to show my colors

Have written this while writing in reaction to "Blackstar" – 2016!

And now, somewhat over seven years later, the time has come

Or.....?

I fear that if not

Then this would be an act of self-denial

Being able to empathize with something not means having to accept it

I have to ponder a lot over the coming days, weeks, and months.

A Long Day Longer

10:27 PM

I'm home

Took a shower

Ate something

Well,

Over an hour later as thought

Was a stressful day today

For different reasons

But at the end

Much is finished

Had two buffets

The rest of the workweek should be less stressful

Not much writing

Especially not the stories

Tomorrow no upload

But writing after midnight

*

Okay,
At least
Some is written
It's important to create a rhythm

My goals for the rest of the week?
Continuing of "Arnold"
Working on "Days"
And "Comics"

"Photography"
We will see
Not long and a new monthly picture is needed
I should have the camera with me if being out

The regular three, of course
"Insights", "Comments", "Memories"
They should be the minimum
It should be possible

But enough for today, tomorrow will be the next long day.

Writing

Again, worked somewhat longer
But it functions
Back home
Shower and eating

Was ready at midnight to write
Decided to begin with "Arnold"
Needed a longer time
Maybe no "Memories" for Friday's upload

But I develop my routines
And even when I work much more presently
Then thirty-two hours
It functions excellent so far

But it's time now to rest
The next long day after sleeping
Take your time
I'm still a trainee

Or something like that – a professional in no case.

Not Much

Earlier at home today
Only eight and a half hours mere working
So, earlier at home
Time enough to write something for "Memories"

After midnight
We will see
How to continue
I feel no bad

Two more days and my weekend begins.

Solaris II

Working On A Space Station

A week, and I looked every day, at least three or four times, at the small piece of paper: Welcome back, Kathy! As if I would expect that suddenly something different would stand on it, or maybe nothing at all, for a wonder. But instead, always the same: Welcome back, Kathy!

It was the "back" that let no room for interpretation – at least if not creating a too fantastically theory. One could come to the idea that the company sent me this message. Sure, I had mentioned in my apply that I had been on the space station, that I had orbited Solaris II, as a young girl. But, why me? Others had been regularly on one of the space stations of the company, had orbited Solaris II several times, not only once like I. No, only one interpretation made sense.

Although, this would cause many other difficulties. In the end, who had written that message? Who had given it to Mr. Reynolds? I had asked him two days ago, he had pondered and meant, the envelope was in my in-box. However, who had written it, with my name on it, put it in Mr. Reynolds' in-box? The nameless something on Solaris II? And if, why then I had heard nothing for a whole week now? No voice in my head, nothing?

A last check in the cheval glass: Hair okay, make-up okay, uniform okay, smiling okay - ready for service! I would "caretake" our VIP customers for the next eight hours, would do everything to ensure that their stay on this brand new space station would become an unforgettable adventure and enjoyment for them. That they would not miss any amenity they were used to. But it would be silly to complain, in a way, it was an easy job, and most of the people I had to deal with were, in fact, polite.

*

A last check in the elevator for the staffers, one side of the elevator was a mirror. Hairdo still perfect, as well as all the rest, the smiling anyway – the stockings? No, no wardrobe malfunction, all in a perfect and discretely conservative fashion as the company wished it – and especially liked by the male customers.

As the elevator had lifted me from the staffers decks to the tourist decks, I had to change the elevator. Of course, no elevator brought you from the staffers decks directly to the VIP decks, no way! Instead, I had to walk a shorter distance and around a corner to reach these special elevators

for special staffers. Those who would not stop at one of the tourist decks, but would bring you directly to the VIP decks. I pressed, after I had gotten permission to enter, the uppermost button. From now on, high speed. So, even the uppermost deck, for the real VIPs, the real celebrities and real wealthy people, was reached within a moment.

I stepped out, as I realized that a man was looking at me, gave me a smile. Did I know him? It was essential for me to know the names of all who could be on that deck. Had I seen him yesterday? But I was unable to connect this face with a name – after only a week, my first social blunder? I started to get nervous as he came nearer and addressed me.

"Welcome back, Kathy!"

And Again

The next workweek over
At home
First longer week
Nearly forty-three hours

Over ten hours overtime
But I do not feel bad
The right knee hurts somewhat
But that's all

Okay,
I'm somewhat tired
And I feel somewhat empty
A longer sleep would be nice

I do not feel inspired to continue with writing
Tomorrow
The next cycle begins
This week was again better than the last one

But I have the feeling
Enough input for this week
Allow me some time to digest this week
Enough time tomorrow

Seven working weeks and distinctive change – seven months, I would be through.

Monday Evening

Nearly 9 PM
Did a lot
Was in Heilbronn
My father, together with my sister, a week in France

Mowed the lawn
Some gardening
Have watered everything just now
Provided the birds their food

Was a long and hot day
Sweated a lot while mowing the lawn
But was not bad
And I needed a rest after it all

Tomorrow
A bit of shopping for me
Heilbronn again
To schedule an appointment with a doctor

The rest of the day?
Some writing I would say
But not so much
Will have more time tomorrow

This week, the next long workweek
But should have time for the jazz club
My father will return on Saturday
I have the tendency to be lazy for the rest of the day

All seems to play out for the moment

Lazy

*Well, my trying ain't done no good
I said, my trying ain't done no good
You don't make no effort, no, not like you should*

*Lazy, you just stay in bed
(Lazy; Deep Purple)*

Well,
Sometimes you have to be lazy,
Sometimes just stay in bed,
Tomorrow will be another day!

The world will continue spinning,
You're most probably not dead,
And even, especially!, if
Who would eat the yesterday bought bread?

Buy it tomorrow,
If you like to eat it then,
It will be fresh,
So, just stay in bed!

*

I'm in a good mood,
But I need a day to refresh,
And today was busy,
Do not make too much stress!

I've eaten a gigantic salad,
And honeydew,
Drink oolong orange tea,
Gosh, how healthy I am!

If this continues,
I will be a monster at the summer's end,
Not much will be left,
Why should I be sad?

*

Time moves only one way,
Even if Ms. Newsom,
Maintains the contrary,
When singing her wonderful songs!

One day will be your last day,
Your final hour,
Your last heartbeat,
Then it will be too late to be lazy!

So,
Use the limited time you have,
To be lazy afore it's too late,
Lazy, let me stay in bed!

Matosinhos Blue

In Ten Years Or So?

While walking through Matosinhos, the last vacation, especially through the oldest parts near the harbor, I often thought: This will not last. In seven years, when I plan to be a citizen, how much of the old places, restaurants or shops, will still be? Many will be no longer, I'm convinced that also Matosinhos changes.

At my first stay, there was a huge construction site. There's a modern hotel and a plaza now. Matosinhos changes, like everything changes, it will be a non-stoppable process. Everything else would be unnatural.

And yet, I have the feeling, even in seven years, there will be still much of that what's so nice at Matosinhos for me. Sure, the ocean will be still there, and the harbor, the ships coming and going. But I think also many, most likely not all, of the small cafés and pastelerias. Butcheries, small and larger ones, the market hall, the many places where one can buy good seafood, vegetables, and fruit. Pingo Doce will still offer several variations of bacalhau, as well as good lunch, even if you can find huge malls in and around Matosinhos already.

Yeah, the Matosinhos in seven years will be different from the Matosinhos today. But I'm in cheerful spirits that the heart of Matosinhos, the people of Matosinhos, will stay the same. In seven years, as today.

Eight

PM

Nearly

An hour earlier than yesterday

I'm ready to write

Spent the morning at the doctor

Appointment

I have one now, for three examinations on the same day

And have also made the preliminary talk as well as a blood sample

Okay,

I have to wait two months now

But I have then at least done all for that year

At least if positive

Did some other stuff like shopping

Was the whole day active

The next workweek will start tomorrow

With many hours

No working on the two stories today

I want to see how good I can handle it during the next days

The two days off functioned good this week

Well, the second is still not over

Let's see what will happen for the rest of the day.

Fucking Hardware

Have continued with "Comics", both
And I like the new strips
But my scanner fails
Again

The strategy, the last time
Waiting
Some reboots
Waiting some days

Hey,
And suddenly the software finds the printer/scanner again
So, let's wait and hope
Wonders sometimes happen

Give It Time

Yeah,
Some reboots,
Hooray,
Just in time!

The new "Comics".

I'm Getting Old

A buffet with 300 guests today
But was not such difficult
But I'm tired
Well, have not to write something after midnight

But it got clear
Could observe
But have to get up earlier tomorrow
Jazz club

I have decided not to observe
To go to bed
The next days maybe another opportunity
I'm getting old

But excellent developments currently
I need my sleep
Yeah, I'm getting old
One month no observations

Let us gamble and hope.

Jazz Or No Jazz?

Well, worked until 6 PM
Fast driving home, fast eating, fast showering
It would still fit for jazz
But I have to water the flowers, feed the birds, and it will be the next clear night

So, I decided to slow down
No jazz
More time for eating and showering
Looking after the flowers and birds

I can then prepare for observing
Maybe writing a bit
Drinking tea
Watching some TV

I have the feeling
I'm no longer good at doing all
I have to arrange matters
And working, garden, writing and observing is enough for today

Even if this means that no jazz club.

New Labor Contract

I had a meeting at work today
I work for around forty hours currently
It will not become less
Only some more

This would mean that I will have a lot of overtime until the end of summer
I can work my thirty-two hours over winter
And taking my vacation
This would mean that they have to pay out the overtime

But I would have to pay high taxes on this overtime then
More than it would be regular working hours
It's more meaningful therefore to have them as regular working hours
So, for summer, I have a forty-hour labor contract from next month on

Matters are developing.

Vacation

Next time in Matosinhos
Most likely the second half of October
Only two weeks
But three weeks next year before the next summer season

Matters are developing.

Observing

Have observed my stars
After a month
But okay
Mostly they change very slowly

So
Up to date with the stars again
Even some writing
Matters develop

Time to go to bed.

Last Day

My father will be back tomorrow
Last day, after working
Watering the garden
Feeding the birds

I will write something for tomorrow's upload
After midnight
Next week seems to become an easy week
Most likely no working from Monday until Wednesday

No large buffets
We will see
Most likely more time for writing and art
And some other matters

All develops very positive at the moment.

No Writing For Now

Enough time, I thought
Have a short rest first, I thought
Then "Days" most likely
But

I laid down
And it was okay
But then I got severe muscular spasms
The legs

Not for the first time
But not that grave
Needed a longer time
To get rid of it

Very painful
And unpleasant
Still problems with sitting
Makes no sense

No writing
I should lay down again
We will see
Maybe before going to work?

Most likely not
But okay
I have to accept the limits of my body
Strange

No problems with my back
Nothing that would be worth mentioning
But with my legs
The muscles

But okay
Still
It is doing me good overall
I feel much better than even a few months ago

I have the feeling
It's like to have started with going to the gym
Having sore muscles
You have to bear it up

But for the moment, I have to lay down again.

Back Home Saturday

Had severe issues with my leg muscles last night
It would have been no good idea
To try to sit and write
Therefore, no real upload today

But it was a good decision
Got well again
Feel much better now
Will write something for tomorrow's upload

Rocky somewhat
Not everything smooth
But it still functions better and better overall
I'm in a good mood

Tomorrow the last workday for this workweek, then most probably three days off.

No "Days"

Pondered about continuing with "Days"
But the story is too complex
It's a story for the days off
My mind is occupied with too much

Thought that it would become a difficult day
But in fact it was easy at the end
Tomorrow?
Next week seems to be easy

After no two months
I'm highly respected at my new workplace
May develops excellent
Next month will be June, the first half of 2023 will be over

Seven years exactly then
In four and a half months I could be in Matosinhos again
For two weeks only
But only some months later it could be three weeks

I'm not sure what to write this night
I need a bit more time
Get a feeling for the further developments
By my standards, I'm very relaxed right now

Blindfold, I stumble through life, but never fall.

Surrealistic Pillow

Plunge Into

I plunge into the water, and suddenly all those stars are surrounding me, galaxies spinning fast, and the air is full of sound. It's in these moments when the universe makes sense, I enjoy the solitude mood in the vacuum that envelops me.

I explode as a supernova, a kilonova even, and becoming the life-giver as the light in the river. Me you have to owe your life, I'm the one who owns it, who is entitled to take it again from you.

Gonna tell you a secret, but you will never keep it – therefore, it makes no sense. It wouldn't be a secret anymore – even it's hard to understand. Thus, I will fly through the empty space until the end of the days, and you will never get to know my ultraviolet secret. I will keep it.

First Of Three

First day off
I need some time to relax
To distract myself
Other thoughts

I'm not in the mood to continue the stories
Maybe something different
Let's see
Two more days are waiting

I have reached the weight of the beginning of 2020 again.

Don't Call Me James!

I was inside, to not cause certain people difficulties, I will not tell how I managed it. But I was in and it was as boring as thought. It was interesting, but a pure law of nature, the more money these people had, less style they had. But okay, this should not be my problem, I searched for a staffer.

"Sorry, sir, might be you could help me?"

His facial impression seemed somewhat confused, could be the first time that someone inside this building had called him a "sir". But, very British, he needed only a second to get on the track again, to offer the submissive jumping-jack once again, the people in these halls expected that he had to be.

"I will do everything to the best of my power to help you, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I want to speak to the owner of this place."

His facial impression flipped back again, a fraction of a second, until he had decided that there was something wrong, wrong with me.

"Sorry, sir, that I ask you, but you are not a member of the club – aren't you? Could we meet first with the club member who has invited you?"

"Oh, I see. Well, I assume that you know every club member, so we have not to discuss my status. But I have to disappoint you, I know nobody who is a member of this club, and I'm happy about it – not personally, of course. I mean, I know at least some if not many, but most likely not all of your

club members, from TV and the press."

"But, if no member has invited you, then this would mean that you can't be inside this building, sir. But you are, obviously. I would assume that you will not tell me how you managed it to enter this building?"

"No – or, better, yes!"

"Would you follow me so that I can bring you to the entrance – that you can leave the building again? We can investigate later how you managed it to intrude."

"This time it's easy, no! And the reason, therefore, is that I would need to have a short conversation with the owner of this "club"."

"Well, "the owner" of the club – by the way, "the owner" has a name and I can by no means assume that you don't know his name – he is not available like a gofer. I would recommend you to try to get an appointment."

I had hopped that it would not become an issue, but, of course, others had noticed us, and some looked at us. And now a group of people appeared, five, four footboys and a leader. My dialog partner got nervous as his group joined our little group. He addressed the obvious boss of the group.

"Sorry, Mr. Carpendale, but this person has gained entrance to the club. I cannot tell you how he managed it, but I tried to solve the problem without too much hassle."

Well, no longer a "sir", but this could happen very fast in such places.

"Carpendale is his name."

More than two pairs of eyes looked at me now.

"Sorry sir, Mr. Carpendale, this man said that he wants to speak with you."

"The boss" looked at me, I said nothing anymore, often it's better to let the others talk.

"Very fine, Mr.....?"

".....Jethro."

"Jethro is your family name?"

"No."

"Sorry, sir, but we cultivate a certain standard in this place. This is a club, but no nightclub and in any way no brothel. I think it would be better to leave now – otherwise, my security has to help you therewith."

He looked at the four guys aside and behind himself.

"You know, Mr. Carpendale, could it be that your approach to our issue is inadequate?"

He only looked at me – okay.....

"Could it be that my name is of no real relevance, but my profession and my power of authority? I mean, power is a very relevant issue in halls like these."

"Okay, I play your little game. What's your profession and what power you have?"

"Let's put my profession aside for a moment," I had really to say that I liked his facial expression at this moment, "and let us talk about my "options"."

He said once more nothing, he was not bad in this game.

"I have the license, the license to kill."

Wow, he was excellent, simply looked at me, now he controlled his face perfectly.

"Of course, I cannot kill someone for no reason, but if there's one, then I can do it."

"And why this should be relevant to me?"

"I'm still not sure, to be honest. But assumed, you would be a threat to our democracy, the Crown, than I could kill you."

"And.....am I?"

"As said, I'm still not sure."

"You know what's funny, "Mr. Jethro"?"

"No, but you will tell me."

"It seems to me that you could be a kind of civil servant, Mr. Jethro. The funny point is, one of our club members, our PM, your PM as well, is in right now. Do you know him? I know him very well."

"You know what's hilarious?"

"No, but you will tell me."

"I could even kill the PM, if he would endanger our democracy and the Crown. I haven't the feeling that we need him."

"So what now, Mr. Whatsoever! You wanna arrest me, wanna kill me? Who the fuck you think you are?"

He was on his way to give his footboys orders – how unprofessional! I came in here, in what way ever, but obviously not the normal way. What did they think? That I would have handed off my gun at the entrance? I was faster, and my gun pointed at him. He only stared at me and his eyes were full of hate – he was not used to that someone not licking his boots and kissing his ass. But I had a good day. I flipped the gun so that I could use it, and smashed it into his face. He yelled, he fell, and, at a minimum, his nose was broken, and a nice little cut over his left eye. I flipped my gun again and fixated his footboys. But they were not interested in trying who would be faster – obviously, I could be very fast.

"You know, Mr. Carpendale, why you're still alive?"

He only looked at me, and I wasn't convinced if he was trying to say something. His face very bloody now, and it seemed as his mouth as well.

"I'm interested in the second string. And by the way, if he's still in and not through the backdoor, my warm greeting to your PM, my he isn't."

Creatures

There are
Creatures underwater
You will never see
I'm one of them

In total darkness
With not much sound
Icy
Powerful drifts

So, there's also danger
But also a place
Where you can be yourself
If a bigger creature not eaten you

Today?

Second day off
Think that it could be a good day for "Days"
But I will later observe
6:44 PM now

Was an active day so far
And I feel good
A four-day workweek
But enough hours are planned anyway

Jazz club in any case
The rest we will see
I have to apply for vacation
That I can plan my next stay in Matosinhos

But some working on "Days" first, until it's getting dark.

"Days"

Worked on all three cities
Checked the timelines
Los Angeles and London only some small additions
Some changes in Matosinhos

That's it for now
A last check in some days
Then I can begin with writing
How many months?

In the second half of October I will be in Matosinhos again
That's four and a half months
I would like to have written the complete text until then
Maybe not as a final version, but at least written as such

Wow, would be my first planned novel.

9:38 PM

Writing is done for today
Now I can prepare for observing
Maybe working on my collections
Was out for a coffee earlier

It functions better and better
To create a rhythm
Time for writing
But time for other matters as well

Writing for some hours
Depending on the possibilities
But then
Concentrated writing

Not perfect right now
But it functions better and better
A third day off tomorrow
"Arnold" should be the focus then

I'm very satisfied about the developments.

At The End Of A Life

Well,
Not in fact
Not now
But

My mother's health condition
Not good
Drinking and eating
Only a very little

Well,
This has not to mean
But in the end
Have to work the next days

I will visit her on Monday
Together with my father
It was always a difficult relationship
She was used to dominating

Funny
I ponder about my observing program
How many stars
Have changed my observing site in the garden due to new neighbors

I had to drop two
Have more time now again
Maybe a few others more
I looked at my light curves

I have observed some stars constantly for almost twenty years now
I thought about
How much I will be able to expand these light curves
Ten years could be, fifteen even?, another twenty most likely not

I would be seventy-eight then
Okay, not impossible
It will also depend on my eyes
I got a message from the AAVSO this week

My oldest observation in their database dates back exactly thirty years
They congratulated me
Well, have already begun somewhat earlier
My first observation I did in Ludwigsburg, my first job after the apprenticeship

Another ten years ago
But at the beginning I was no AAVSO member
And I observed only infrequently
Without much output

Fine
I thought
You're doing it seriously for thirty years now
I would be eighty-eight in thirty years

Well,
My father is not much younger
And still works in the garden
Okay, only a few short hours in the morning nowadays, but nevertheless

Much can be
But nothing has to
And I feel insecure
Not knowing what to do

Makes No Sense

To try writing something
Most likely earlier upload
Tomorrow nothing at all
Jazz club in the evening?

I'm in a strange mood
Where it relaxes me
To have nothing at home
No alcohol, no drugs, and especially not the gun in the drawer

I am not convinced that I would kill me
But it's in any case better
No gun, only tea, and only a pill for your stomach
That's all

*Ohh, can't anybody see
We've got a war to fight
Never found our way
Regardless of what they say*

*How can it feel, this wrong
From this moment
How can it feel, this wrong*

*Storm.. in the morning light
I feel
No more can I say
Frozen to myself*

*I got nobody on my side
And surely that ain't right
And surely that ain't right
(Roads; Portishead)*

A Stressful Week

Well,
Today was a very long day
And taxing
Even if I worked not more hours as normally

One of us
Banquet
Is on vacation
This makes it difficult

Next week, most likely even more
But then he will be back again
And a new cook will come
For à la carte

It's interesting
It appears that Friday
Often
Seems to be the hardest day

I have some headache
Not sure
What to write after midnight
We will see

I look forward to lying in bed.

Always One Day

It seems
Always one day
In a (working) week
I have some problems with my staying power

Today
After working
I feel much better than yesterday
Some writing after midnight

Sunday, tomorrow
Most likely not such a long day
But we will see
I have one problem

The current workplace
I see that this is my place
The kitchen
This late and irregular working times

But the situation there is very unstable
A high workload
Coming and going
The situation for me currently is good

But I fear
This can change very fast
The next seven years?
Well, let's await next week, next time in Matosinhos, the winter season.....

And it's always good to know
I would have no problem
To find an alternative workplace
But I'm satisfied for the moment

Oh my, I will have tears in my eyes, the first day as retired, when sitting at Matosinhos beach.

Matosinhos Blue

Small Businesses

In my youth, forty or better forty-five years ago, we had all these small businesses in town – Bad Friedrichshall, Kochendorf. Mom-and-pop stores, small corner shops, alone in Kochendorf. Two butchers, two bakers, a food store, a stationery store, and others more. No butcher anymore, baker either, a grocery, no stationery, nothing else anymore.

I always ask myself, in Matosinhos, how does this function. Many bakeries and pastelerias, butchers, but also supermarkets. Small groceries, but also large ones, and especially all these small cafés. Some with only a few tables and chairs. How does this function?

At the beginning, with a German time management, I always wondered, all these places so empty? Okay, off season, but often I was more or less alone. Sitting in a pasteleria at noon, and only two or three ate the daily dish? At six o'clock in a restaurant, all alone? I needed some time to understand that the pasteleria was suddenly crowded after 1 PM, daily dish typically until 3:30 PM. The restaurant crowded at 9 PM, and also the small café at the corner could be very much filled with guests, you had only to be there at the right time, and this was the answer.

The people simply visited these places! Also the small butchery had its customers, as well as the small café at the corner. Sure, I would say, a weekly buying at the supermarket, but why not buy some additional food at the grocery in your quarter? And the cafés and restaurants? Well, it's a different culture. A German says, why I should drink a coffee in a café where it's costly, I can do this cheaper at home. The same with the restaurant. In Portugal, it's a part of living to have your coffee in a pasteleria, meeting friends, or with the family, enjoying a good meal in a restaurant.

Okay, food and beverage are much cheaper in Portugal than in Germany, but the Portuguese also earn less money. Overall, it's not cheaper for them, they are simply willing to spend more of their money for food and beverage than a German. And because they are doing this, there's a larger demand for pastelerias, daily dishes, smaller shops everywhere, restaurants, a vivid offer in businesses of all kinds and sizes – and I enjoy this every time!

Will this stay? I'm not certain, also Portugal changes. But as long one can choose from so many places where you can have a coffee in the morning, having something small for breakfast, I'm confident that this will have a future. I look forward to the next time when I can say: Bom dia. Uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada, por favor.

Matosinhos

I needed a moment, then I thought, write something about Matosinhos. Okay, nothing new, one could say. Well, the next time I should start with writing about the people, should write a story. But in Matosinhos, it always feels – more and more – like coming home, returning to my youth, to a more friendly world. And the perfect image therefore are these small shops, pastelerias, restaurants, everywhere. But, like the world in my youth wasn't "perfect", is Portugal and Matosinhos not perfect. However, much the more friendly and reliable – I find no better words.

As Always

As always on Sunday
After working
I need some time to reflect
Maybe I can observe, not absolutely safe right now

I weight definitely
Less than at the beginning of 2020
Right now
After two months

Faster than I would have thought
Now I can start anew
With this topic
Changes happen

I do not know where this all will lead to.

After A Shower

Considering this stressful week
Today was also stressful
I feel excellent
Physically

But that's important
Well,
Still, at least, forty pounds too much weight
Better to say, fifty

But over twenty in two months
Until Matosinhos four months and a bit more
Should be in reach
To be through until Matosinhos

Would be interesting to see
What impact this would have
Not a very little
I would assume

However, it's too early
I would need some more months of continuation
I have to work on it
But the direction is quite right

To be in Matosinhos again, with much less weight, would be cool.

Solaris II

You Will Always Take Something With You

I was irritated for a moment, unsure, I knew this person, did I? From Earth, or the few days on the space station? Whatever, he knew me! I decided not to act like I should, like the company would like it, but to act straightforward. This seemed not to be a situation by the book.

"I should not say, but, sorry, I'm not certain about where we met the last time, sir?"

"Well, Kathy, in a way we met every day, after you were back on earth. Seen from my different perspective, this is the first time we meet. Johann Unterweger, but my friends call me simply "Jack"."

"You're Jack Unterweger, the richest man on earth, about whom most say that he's only a legend, not a real existing person because no one knows his face?"

"I'm not Pynchon, whose novels I always liked very much. And it depends very much on the way of counting, who the world's richest person is. But yes, I'm Jack. Nice to meet you, Kathy."

"I'm not convinced that this an adequate conversation that we have. I should start with my shift, Mr. Unterweger."

"You're working on this deck today – as far as I know?"

"Yes."

"Then you're already doing your job, to pamper all those wealthy who are gathered together in this room. And hey, I'm most likely the richest of all of them."

"That's true, Mr. Unterweger."

"No questions? And, I'm Jack, like all my friends call me."

"Yes,.....I would have many questions. But I feel somewhat uncomfortable to have this conversation with you here."

"Would you like it more to have this conversation in my luxury suite – you know, the one that stands above all the others? But first, Jack!"

"But that....."

".....Jack!"

"Okay, Jack. And of course, I know any of the luxury suites. And, I do know that we have no guest who resides in the prime suite presently."

"Well, that important you're still not yet. In the future, you will have a fantastic career, but not after your first week. You said that you would have questions?"

The conversation so far, like a dream, a vision, a distraction, I suddenly asked myself: All the other people in this room, guests and staffers, I had totally forgotten them, like being in a bubble. I started to look around, expected that everybody would look at me, us, Mr. "Jack" Unterweger and me. But quite on the contrary, nobody seemed to notice us, we seemed like being no-existent.

"Disappointed, Kathy?"

"Beg you're pardon? Ah,.....Mr.,.....Jack."

"Disappointed that it seems as nobody would take notice of us?"

"No, no."

"Really, "Kathy"?"

"It only confuses me, this situation."

"You wanna hear a secret?"

"Okay....."

"We are the center of this room, even when standing near the wall. The whole room is spinning around us, everybody is looking at us. They only don't dare to show it, they try to hide it, and potentially they can fool you, but I can see it. I'm always the center of everything. Therefore, I enjoy it being alone with me, as often as possible. – Your question?"

"Why you know me name!"

"Come on, Kathy, would it be difficult for a man like me to get the name from each and any staffer? But okay, I'm not here to play tricks on you. You know who I am?"

"Yes and no – yes, I would say. But, I do not understand the "trick", the "why". As a little girl, we simply talked silently in my mind. Why all this.....mysterious ado this time."

"Much has changed, Kathy. Interested in getting an update? What about having a drink at one of these cozy places at the largest panorama window ever built for a space station?"

"I'm on duty, I cannot simply....."

".....Kathy! Who would dare to disturb us, if I, Johannes "Jack" Unterweger, wants to have a conversation with one of the female staffers on this space station?"

"Nobody, I would say."

"Of course not. By the way, Kathy, you have knowledge about the old L.A.? 20th and 21st century?"

"Not that much."

"Do you know the Four Seasons Hotel, or the Château Marmont Hotel, there?"

"I think that I have head something about the second one."

"Interesting times, fascinating times. But, this has nothing to do with your question, to be honest. Let's have a seat?"

We had walked through the entire room, still nobody seemed to notice us, but we had always enough space to walk unfettered through the room. As we had sat down, one of my colleagues came and I felt somewhat uncomfortable.

"An Old Fashioned for me, and for the lady a Manhattan – if you would like to have one."

"Alcohol? I'm....."

".....Kathy, who would ever dare? Nobody, nobody! If you like, we can share our drinks."

Good Way

Have written a continuation for "Solaris II"

It functions

I start with a vague idea

And everything developed differently

I have even not written what I had in mind

The "introduction" became longer

I needed a name

Jack Unterweger came to my mind immediately

I did not ponder about it

It was the first name I had in mind

But it gives so much room for interpretation now

For possible continuations

I have a vague idea how to continue
But still not sure
Utopia or dystopia
No "The Humanoids" in any case

I will observe later
Did not function yesterday
But would still have time to write
Let's see

Seven years.

I Screwed It Totally!

I screwed it totally today
Was unconcentrated
Distracted
Did some, but no writing

I'm fucked up
Wasting a whole day
This night could be clear
The last two days clouds appeared after a sunny day

Today was cloudy
But clear sky now
Should observe
No writing after midnight then

Today went wrong
At least I should observe
Even if this means no writing after midnight
This makes no sense at all anymore

I can't do this any longer
I have to be more controlled
Stressed about the last workweek
This will be no better

I could kick my ass
It was unnecessary
I have to be focused
On the really important matters

The news is slewing me
More and more
Would wish to sit at the beach
Or on the mountain top

But I'm deep among everything in the mire
And I see no way out
No, no thinking about the gun in the drawer or so
But I'm fucking pissed of

I cannot deny it
I would need a point of no return
I always see all these ways to sneak
I do not have to face it up

I think about a soldier in Ukraine
When the battle starts
He has no alternatives anymore
No secret paths

He will die or not
Maybe severely wounded
Will have killed others
It this how heroes feel?

I'm no hero
And I have to commit this not for the first time
I'm a lousy coward
In cozy Germany

Would be a good day to stop writing
I'm a stranger in this world
Disgusted by its smell
Nobody would miss me

I have to become more aggressive
I have to be more demanding
I cannot longer accept this behavior
Either I can handle me, or I have to leave me

I cannot frame dreams and wishes
And not doing what has to be done
To give them at least some possibility
But I'm no fucking lying naive American

You can try as hard as you can
And still will not reach the aim
But if you don't try
Then you have not deserved to reach your aim

I have to kill me ultimately
Not much is left from the old Peter
But too much
He still hinders me

I'm back in February 2020
Now I have to step forward
To finish it
To be able to start finally

Gosh, I feel so shitty today, this has to end!

On A Wednesday Evening After Work At Home Again

I do feel better
But that does not make it better
Was a very hard workday
For not only one reason

I'm tired of me
How I behave sometimes
I do feel better
But that's not enough

I'm emotional, sometimes
Too emotional?
Too less emotional?
I often cannot decide

There's chaos in my head
Not a war or something like that
Some are singing about
I have simply sometimes problems getting the mess in my head under control

It's one of these moments
I would like to try drugs
All would lie in front of me
And I would try one after the other

But that wouldn't be the way it functions
And I wouldn't be in the slightest way capable of controlling it
Let's drown in some music
A song that will never end

I'm such a lousy weak man, but maybe I can make the best possible of it.

On A Thursday Evening After Work At Home Again

One more hard day
Tomorrow, Friday
Saturday and Sunday should be easier
And from next week on in any case

My workmate will be back from vacation
The rest we will see
In any case
Some writing after midnight

I have the feeling that these crises
And this one is not over right now
Strengthen me in the end
Will be interesting to see

Monday
I yaw for Monday
Two stupid weeks
Not sure about the consequences

But I try firstly to relax somewhat, then some writing.

The Big City

Wrote a short chapter for "Arnold"
But not this chapter is relevant
The next chapter, who emerged in my mind,
Will be relevant

I have the feeling – strange, fucking, severe, determined
That this will become my farewell to Los Angeles
I don't know why
But this is how I feel right at this moment

Never standing on Santa Monica Pier again
Looking at the large ocean
Breakfast at Union Station
Soup of the day at Gus's Drive Inn

Tacos 3rd Street
What else I should enumerate
But I have the feeling at this moment
It would be better so

Like a lost love
If it's over than it's over
Sad, but a fact

And I have the feeling that there would be nothing anymore, no reason why I should be there again

Staring at the Château Marmont again?
For what fucking reason?
For the wonderful feeling to be on an aeroplane for ten and a half hours?
I'm totally confused

My emotions are out of control
Like a mustang suddenly with a rope around his neck
Not only Hollywood seems to be dead, Mrs. Grant
Whole Los Angeles, whole Los Angeles seems to be dead

On A Friday Evening After Work At Home Again

What a fucking day!
It started with an hour in a traffic jam,
Hey, this is not L.A.!
And it ended being exhausted.

But still
Not physically is the problem
But mentally
But the worst should be behind me now

Saturday and Sunday no large buffets
Not the complicated ones
Thus, I can be hopeful
That these days will be at least somewhat normal

From next week on
My colleague will be back again
Let's see how this will play out
We will hopefully find the track again

Writing after midnight?
I think so
But most likely not so much
All in all?

I do not feel that bad
Still losing weight
Now ultimately and definitely below 2020
Some develops perfect

Two days left for this workweek, let it happen.

Something Important

Had to do something important
Therefore, it's already 1:05 AM
So, I will not write much after midnight today
But it did me good to do it

I have to look forward, straightforward.

On A Saturday Evening After Work At Home Again

Well, also this day is over
Sunday left
Was easier today
But stressful anyway

Next week no large buffets
My colleague will be back
Better again?
I have to wait

I have to evaluate some aspects in the coming days off.

On A Sunday Evening After Work At Home Again

Okay
The week is over
Observing tonight
A new day tomorrow

No upload
Tomorrow
Hard weeks behind
Let's see how the next unfolds

The next two days I can continue with writing.

Sunny Monday

It has become Monday
A very sunny Monday
Shopping, cooking, was out for a coffee
Slept for a while

Well,
The last two weeks very hard
Mentally
I feel empty today

I have headache
I need silence for a while
Observed last night
Thirty-one stars

No writing on the stories in any case
I'm not clearheaded today
Too tired
I need some rest

It should function again from next workweek on
Tomorrow the new monthly picture
Somewhat late
But on a good day anyway

And now?
Let's see what will happen during the rest of the day
Nothing has to be
But who knows

I have to be patient, the rest will happen all alone.

So Far, So Good

Well,
In a way anyway
I feel better
But still headache

But,
I have the feeling that it will be good again tomorrow
Some astronomy now
No further writing

Observing did me good yesterday
And it will be good today
Some socializing tomorrow
Of course

But I should have enough time for some writing
And then it will be important
To find my rhythm again
During the next workweek

Tomorrow
Birthday
Seven exact years until retirement left
Wow!

Hey, Peter,
Whatever will happen,
You will not tell me now,
That you will not be tough enough to manage also these remaining little seven years?

Don't be shy, accept crises, be the fucking artist you dream of being!

Started

Made the new picture
Worked on "Days"
Some slight changes, Matosinhos more
Later out for dinner

Still headache
But so far so okay
I have to start to plan again
The aim for tomorrow's upload will be to continue with "Arnold"

Today?
Not more before dinner
We will see what thereafter
It will be important how tomorrow's workday will unfold

So far so good, more has to follow.

"Days"

I think that all is prepared so far
The next step will be
To outline and write plots for every day and city
Like already begun

Not as final texts
But as the basis for the final version of the texts
This should be done not later than until the next stay in Matosinhos
The winter would be for writing the final texts

So far the planning
But I have to plan
Writing for the next day
And longer terms

I have the feeling that I should start something new in 2024
Not necessarily on January the first
But after finishing "Days"
But still plenty of time to decide

And I should take my time.

Turn Off The Lights

If you know how I feel
Then you know more than I
If you can see my soul
Then you can see more than I

I see a jungle of intertwined paths
And I have difficulties finding my way
I sometimes feel
Take one, it will not matter which

All will lead somewhere
Why hesitating
Some will be longer, some shorter
Some will be dark, some brighter

But the funny game is
No one can tell you which
And if they do so
Then they are only fucking liars

Dare to choose
You will never regret
And I know this
Because I'm the bloodiest liar

You can trust me
Because I'm honest enough to tell you
That I'm a fucking liar
All the others do simply lie about it

You can follow the lying honorables
Or the honorable liar
The choice is yours
I could tell you whom I would follow

But you're clever enough to do the right
And do not be surprised
At the end of every path
We will meet again

Isn't this comforting
Maybe tomorrow
Maybe in a year
Maybe it will last much longer

But you will see me again in the end
And we can then
If you like
Talk about

The path that you have chosen
And all the others that you haven't
And if you like
Then we can use the door into the rose garden instead

Come on buddy
Don't be so broody
Life can be very funny
Just tell me a fourth word that ends on a wye

Stop being shy
And do no longer ask why
We all have to die
Even if there's no real wye

One minute of an eternity
I will write a fucking big book one day
And then I will swim in the ocean
Forever and a day

And now it's on you to interpret all that shit!

The Day After

Well,
Seems like I can find my rhythm again
And even without the fact that my colleague is back from vacation
He had a day off today

He will be back tomorrow
And I started with my farewell to Los Angeles
I will be back one day
A whole month, the whole February

Promised
And I keep my promises
Promised
I'm an honorable person

An interesting development
Today
Let's see
Much better again

I would say
That the next weeks will be very important
The next months
The next year

But enough for today
No upload tomorrow
Of course, it's Thursday
I pine after the jazz club

But I need some sleep
Have to recover further on
Therefore
Earlier upload today

Thursday
Writing after midnight
Not sure for the moment what
But, in any case, something

I feel strengthened.

After Jazz

Back home after jazz
Too long since the last time
Songs by Joni Mitchell as jazz interpretations
And a sorrowful story

Well,
Joni Mitchell was never one of my favorites
The same with Joan Baez for instance
But it was a very fine concert anyway

Monika Herzig - piano
Alexis Cole - vocals
Peter Lehel - saxophone
Peter Kienle - bass
Cecilia Sanchietti - drums

It's interesting
Very often
Especially those concerts that seem not very near
Are creating exceptional impressions

I hope that the next concert will be nearer.

Important Days

Came home an hour earlier
So, have eaten, the tea is ready, and I took a shower
It's short to 11 PM
I will do the upload now

This gives me an additional hour
Or maybe an hour earlier to bed
We will see
"Comics" would be good, why not "Photography"?

I have to relax in the coming days
Still losing weight
Definitely under the weight of the beginning of 2020 now
And it feels good

Have some difficulties
But not severe
It's happening very fast now
To lose weight

On the one hand, challenging for the body
But very relieving, on the other hand
I have to ensure that this process continues for the rest of the year
Then I would be through

I could see
Next year
What would be left to do
But not that much, it would be

And now?
Well, uploading
And some art
Some writing may be as well

After these two horrible weeks, I'm on the right track again, and I feel strong.

Matosinhos Blue

Don't Get Too Close To Me!

Germans like distance, do not like to share a table at a restaurant with unknown people. Portuguese people are known to like being close with each other, even with people not well-known, or even strangers. To embrace someone is nothing special. Not to mention touching someone, for instance, on the shoulder. There might be a difference between men and women, but even between men, it's nothing strange. It's essential for Portuguese people to be together with others, especially when eating together. Among the family or with friends, there is always a reason to enter a pasteleria or a restaurant. And I?

Well, it seems like Portugal should be a kind of nightmare for me. I like being alone, not very interested in conversations, and I do not like being too close to others. And yet, in Portugal, it feels different. I would like to find friends there, over the coming years. Will they remember me in the pasteleria I was nearly every morning in March? I would like it. The jazz club, Porta Jazz, I should become a member soon. I would like to stand outside, after the concert, speaking with other concertgoers.

I'm a cook, and the Portuguese like eating. I have this idea that I would invite my neighbors, when I live there, to dinner. Nothing too extreme - six or eight courses, maybe. A mix of some of my classics and Portuguese classics. Yes, I have the feeling that I could find friends effortlessly in Portugal. But why in Portugal, why do I feel so different in Portugal? Of course, I do not work there, it's different being on vacation, or retired. But apart from that, some things that I see as difficult in Germany seem so natural in Portugal. Yeah, not at the beginning, the second time in Portugal was, in a way, a disaster. Although I always thought: Why, why can I not come down? There's no reason to be that stressed, quite the contrary! The last time it functioned relatively well - for my circumstances, nearly perfect.

Noli me tangere - in Portugal, I would say: Please, touch me. It's wonderful knowing, I'm not alone!

Saturday Is Over

Only Sunday is left
Then it will count
Or, as the Americans like to say
I have to be laser focused

On Tuesday morning
And this includes
Not to write too much about it
I have to make decisions

I lose weight very properly now
And this sets energy free
The day was a dumb day again
But this does not matter

What counts is
That my body likes it very much to get lighter
But to be honest
Still a long way ahead of me

40 pounds wouldn't be bad
Until the end of the year, in any case
But this is a distinct aim
And every day I can come nearer

Much has happened in the last few months, the last year
I feel better than - difficult to say
Three or four years ago, in any case
Better than ever?

Well,
These are big words
But, I have obvious and near-term deadlines now
And aims

This is truly motivating
But first
The Sunday
Then I can concentrate on Tuesday

A crucial time in my life.

The Sun

The sun is shining
Clear blue sky
And I hear the raindrops falling
Through empty times

I'm dead and open my eyes
"This was the fourth part of your journey"
Says someone
And I ask myself

What have been the previous three ones
And
How many will still follow
But no voice anymore

Only these raindrops
And I start to be completely soaked with them
And yet, I'm naked
Am I?

Am I, or, am I not?
Again
I start speaking with me again
I would like to sleep

My mind tells me
As if there would be "me" and "my mind"
What a silly idea
I start smiling

Dancing in the rain
You cannot dance
Cannot keep any rhythm
Give a shit on it, nobody can see you

Blind eyes
I cannot see with mine
Not what I wanted to see
Thus, they could also be blind

*

I have the feeling
Twenty-something I am
And I don't give a shit about anything
Only the raindrops count

But no one tells me
You will never turn thirty
But hey, I would say
Who cares?

Some need just a few years to create something
For some a whole lifetime is not enough
"Are you ready for the next part of your journey?"
Would I have a choice?

*

I open my eyes
Millefleurs
But no unicorn
It seems that I'm not the Virgin Mary

Come on, dude
You might be
The bootlicker of the devil's bootlicker
Okay, anyhow, not one of these tortured souls

*

Do you think
I'm ready now
To do it?
Say yes, even if you do not think so!

Dying

Some die fast
Some slow
Some awful
Some heroic

Some burn to dead in a school
Some in a car accident
Some get torn apart by a shell
Some die in bed

Dead they are all in the end
Does it then still counts
How fast and painful
Or is it no longer of importance

The only real wish - fear - I have
That I will decide
When and how
How, I do know

*

Should I hope now
That my mother will die
Or that it will last longer
Not really there anymore

But not ultimately gone
Even if hard to tell
How far already
Why is there no dark side of the moon?

*

Would I have to write a requiem
I do not believe in any kind of god
Far away that I would have been a roman catholic
About all those difficulties we had with each other

That in my darkest hour
I have never written about it
And will not do so before being very, very, very old
She has not let me fall

She still accepted me as her son
Okay, my father also did the same
But it's her dying
And I do not know how I should feel

Two Important Days

Tomorrow
My mother will be my focus
The rest we will see
But there will be time for writing

The day after tomorrow
The appointment in the morning will be my focus
The rest we will see
But there will be time for writing

Today
Was again a difficult week
No writing as such
I need some re-orientation

Stepping forward, that has to be my motto, the rest happens then all by itself.

Everything Comes To An End

Nothing can stay
Neither lemonade nor life
Fading away
And no one sings me lullabies

And I have difficulties
To find my way
Through the labyrinths of my feelings
Not sure if it is worth striving for an exit

Time stands still
As the clock
Makes ticktock
And I do not understand what to do

So I wait
Until time is passing by
The night will fall in
A new day will begin

But still so many seconds
So many ticktocks
Like a female black panther in a cage
Wants to hunt down her prey

*

Time never stands still
Even if passing by infinitely slow
You simply have to wait somewhat longer
Infinitely plus a second

I hope for too much
Far too much
A quiet place
To be alone

How many ticktocks since I began?
Not enough
The sun still shines
Far away from a next day

Never found my way
In a world that offers countless ways
To a person like me
Never found my way

As The Phone Rang

Was at the retirement home in the morning
My mother still alive
But very weak
Only sleeping

The phone rang at 7 PM
She passed away
It's 11 PM now
I'm at home again

I sat
Together with my father and sister
For some hours at her bed
Until the doctor and the mortician's came

The Long Goodbye

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How many died today
How many not in their beds
But on battlefields
Or simply starving to death

It was always a difficult relationship
My mother and I
But it's your mother
Not someone

But even then
So many have to die a wretched death
Because of the greed of others
This is a disgusting world

What I would like to see
Before dying
Is a dead Putin in The Hague
Strung up in his prison cell

*

And now?
A poem
Or a short story
No song or painting, I'm incapable

I would say that I will need a few days
But anyway
As I felt it
The time for distinct changes has begun

The Day After

Was a very exhausting day
The appointment in the morning
Not much later at the funeral parlor
For a longer time

It's very hot today
Muggy
Some rain at night
But the real heavy rainfall is predicted for tomorrow

And yet
Most of the time
Heavy rain is around us
But not in Bad Friedrichshall

I have a severe headache
Again or still, I'm not sure
It's out of the question to continue with the stories
It would make no sense

The next five days, ten-hour shifts
No jazz club again
This was not the arrangement
I have to disagree

*

I have the feeling
I'm on the right way
It's still not the real right one
But very near

And,
I would say,
I come this way closer and closer.
Take your time, Peter.

A requiem
One day
It does not have to be today
Neither tomorrow

I have my problems with mourning
So many die on this earth every day
Not because of becoming old or an illness
But because of human insanity

We do not mourn for all those
We ignore them
A short notice in the news
But they are only abstract numbers

*

I will need a few days
To get some issues sorted
Maybe until next week
The memorial ceremony will be on Monday

The funeral later
After the cremation
It will be a tree burial
Four graves, also for my father, my sister, and her husband

Yeah, the woods
Also a nice place
But I prefer the wet
To get things started done

No Good

Have eaten a lot of garbage
During the day
Everything
But nothing good

My stomach tells me
That's not what I wanted
I feel down
It would be better to stop

I have no staying power anymore
It's 9:44 PM
My mind is dead
I feel drained

Upload
And hoping for a long sleep
That's all what I see
What I hope for

The last two days cost me a lot, too much to continue.

Empty

I feel empty
But this seems to be okay
At least for me
No work tomorrow

Compassionate leave
Would be a good opportunity to write
At least as much as possible
I have the feeling that this wouldn't be wrong

I have spoken with my employers
I started with thirty-two hours
Okay, some hours more, forty
But now we're nearing fifty

Will have fewer hours now
Will also give me more time for writing
And writing, art, is the important matter now
This has to be my focus

Okay
Let's concentrate on tomorrow
I have to buy something to wear at the memorial ceremony
But this shouldn't be the problem

Let us sleep. - I feel grounded, strengthened, and focused.

And Life Goes On

I think that I'm on my way now
To handle the current two major matters
I do not work today, Thursday
Most likely not on Saturday

Jazz club in the evening
I think that this will be good for me
Gypsy Jazz
Very fast, often full of mirth, but also melancholy

Seems to be a good mix
Writing after midnight is planned
And uploading today
To continue

I wait for an email
But should be patient
At least for the moment
Yeah, life goes on

The universe
And all the objects in it
It has to be full of life
Nothing else would make sense

Well,
This large distances, not to grasp, with human intuition
Full of life, but not in reach
A somewhat confusing idea

But,
If full of life, in fact
It will ultimately not matter
What we do on earth

We can kill ourselves
It will not even affect our neighboring sun
Our galaxy
The universe

Life goes on
Until it's over
The universe develops
And will find an end

In my first writing, I have written
That, in a way, suicide makes no sense
You will die in any case
You can simply wait

Okay,
It's not always that easy
And so much is oppressive
Have found and bought a very interesting item for one of my collections

Blade Runner: Would it be better to know, like a replicant, your life will last for four years?

We'll Make You Happy (Whatever It Will Cost)

Twenty years ago they appeared - a hundred or so giant spaceships. They stopped in the distance of the moon. One smaller spaceship came closer to send a message.

We have observed Earth for some time now, and because the situation is very negative, we have decided to interfere. Humans have been able to develop very well in fields like technique or science, but they cannot do the final step. We are here to help humans to take this final step and find a way to live in peace and harmony with each other and their planet.

Everybody on earth could hear and read this message - radio, TV, smartphones. Everybody in its language. And what happened?

Of course, it was a shock, but the aliens seemed well-prepared. They allowed us two months to establish a panel that should speak for the whole earth. They mentioned the UN and other institutions, but gave us free rein. Yeah, they were well-prepared and had studied us very well. They said that they would come in peace and asked not to be attacked, especially because they would have weapons that could destroy an entire planet. If they would get attacked, they would have to defend. And to show their capabilities, they destroyed one of the larger trans-Neptunian objects with one spaceship from a large distance. Furthermore, should we not be able to come to terms in two months, then they would have to act differently. And?

Well, the top leaders of the world found themselves together, at least, they were able to agree on a text to send as a response to the aliens - after weeks of tense negotiations! The aliens weren't very impressed or satisfied, and they told Earth that it would make no sense in this way. A new message.

We're here to help you, but this has to happen in a meaningful way. To show our capabilities, we will send you data on how to treat cancer and dementia. Both will be from now on not more like having a cold. We will also send you some data that show you how to produce energy in a meaningful way, but in enormous amounts as well. This will solve the energy problem. Finally, we will send you a plan that will outline how everyone on Earth can live a good life. Sure, all this, and

all we can do for you as well, will not change the devastating situation on Earth immediately, the mistakes of the past, but first positive developments will unfold rapidly.

Now the aliens started to act. They told the world that they would establish a temporary government led by the commander of the mission. He would act as president of Earth, with ministers for the different continents, also aliens, to form a united humanity in the end. The former nations would persist in the transition towards one united world population - led by an alien. Our reaction? It was interesting, the whole world could hear their messages, and the reaction to them was very different, in different parts of the world, but also within nations. And today?

Twenty years, not that much time, not even one generation. Earth had changed completely. Yeah, as the aliens had said, not everything could be changed very fast, still some problems with climate change, for instance. But the aliens had helped us to restrict the aftermath of our actions as much as possible. No hunger anymore, no wars, after the stupid wars against the aliens. But they had always acted very responsible, the aliens, using only as much force as needed. Even today, some could not accept that everyone could live a meaningful life now, but these "resistance groups", as they called themselves, could always be eradicated rapidly. The commander was still the president of Earth, no nations anymore, and there seemed no reason why this should be different. It functioned, a new bright era for Earth had begun. Some even felt that our president would be a kind of god, some worshiped him, he did not like it, but tolerated it - no churches on Earth anymore. The aliens?

They had no names, they looked like us. Not in fact, but with their medical skills, they had the appearance of a human now, without a close examination, one could not decide. At least those who we saw, those on board of the spaceships most likely not. All the spaceships had landed during the years, they functioned as hubs for the president. And I?

Well, I had become old, very old. They had come too late for me, a young human could figure on at least one hundred and fifty years on Earth, most likely a good deal more. But my body had already been too damaged, I would die within the next few years, maybe getting one hundred. But how much we had learned in those twenty years, how much the aliens had shown and taught us. I felt favored that I had experienced this exceptional moment in human history, as humanity found its way towards the universe. Yeah, thanks to the aliens, of course. The aliens?

They had not told us where they came from, not now. We would need more time, to be ready for such insights. So, I would not get to know it, that was to fear. And yet, as I laid the brush aside, looking at my last picture, the aliens had encouraged us to outlive our creativity. These "resistance groups" called it a dictatorship, brainwashing. I pondered lighting a candle for our president.

Midnight

It's midnight
After the jazz
Time to write
But I still feel empty

I need an email
No matter what will be
But it would be good to have the information
To go on

I'm impatient in a way
But very patient in another
It's extreme how I change
But I cannot use it the way I would like it

Shorter working times now
Working on Saturday as well now
I would be early at home on Sunday
I feel so much better now than a year or two ago

Physically
But also mentally
So much is evident now
But unfortunately, not all

One major problem is left
Be patient, Peter
I will find a solution
So much functions all the time better

I take a deep breath
The first half of the year is nearly over
It happened fast
The second half will pass just as fast

Yeah, I do not know what I should hope for.

Home On A Friday Evening

Yes, I start to find my way back
I started to ponder about my private pension insurance last night
I have to start to calculate some aspects
Have written nothing in the end

No writing after midnight as well today
I have to get up early tomorrow
A meeting regarding the memorial ceremony, very early
With the reverend

I have to buy something
Most likely
That's the cruel reality
I need a black belt

And I have to work
So, a busy day tomorrow
But early at home on Sunday
I hope that this will be the beginning of a kind of normalization

Strange
It is the first time that I have seen a dead body
It's always the first time, at some point
And this was my first time

What can I do
Not much, I would say
Give it time
The next week will be different

I believe that I can handle it.

A Few Days More

I need a few days more
I think that I should observe for a time this night
Even if I start early with work tomorrow
Would be nice

Strange developments in Russia
But I see no need to comment on them right now
I need a bit more time
From tomorrow on again

We have planned the memorial ceremony today, and I have bought me a black belt.

Back

The workweek is over
Tomorrow is the memorial ceremony
I have become more active again
I'm back

In a way
At least
Tomorrow will be important
The memorial ceremony and the following "Leichenschmaus"

Funeral banquet
The German word means
Dead body feast
Anyway, not necessarily my way to remember

But only in a small circle
That makes it easier
Some writing tomorrow, in any case
I have to find my way back to the stories ("Arnold", "Solaris II")

The rest of the day?
Some writing
No story
I will observe again

Was nice last night
Short and bright nights now
But I like them anyway
Nighttime is yours, Mrs. Grant

Let's get it on, Peter, darling!

A Day Of Contemplation

Home again
After the memorial ceremony
And the Leichenschmaus
I do not feel good

The moment
After lighting a candle
A last moment at the coffin
And leaving the chapel

It felt like betraying her
To leave her alone
Behind
On her way to the crematory

Two weeks until the burial
Now that it has happened
An appointment at the doctor
Tomorrow in the morning

For the rest of the day, we will see
Some shopping would be good
And today?
Contemplation

Let's see what will happen in addition.

Requiem

If I were able to
I will compose for you the most beautiful requiem ever been written
But I'm not
Neither a painting, a drawing, a poem, a novel, or whatever

It breaks my heart
I'm so limited in my capabilities
I feel ashamed
But I see nothing that I can do

The Taj Mahal
That's no merit of the husband
He has not built it
He only paid for it

You have to do it on your own
With your own hands
Your own spirit
It otherwise does not count

I could cook a delicious meal
A whole large menu even
But for whom
Who would eat it

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Change
There would be nothing without change
Nothing apart maybe
A steady [initial] state

Everything growing
Everything created
Everything
Needs change

If stars weren't "dying"
We would not be
If all creatures ever born on Earth were still alive
There wouldn't be an Earth anymore

And yet
This cannot give you real solace
Father is eighty-eight now
The next letter on my hand

The "A" no longer alone
Together with a "G" soon
How many years until on my other hand
There will be an "E"?

*

Missa solemnis
Can faith give you hope
Yeah, sure
But can this be the motivation

A spark of hope
Like those many sparks in the nightly sky
And yet
Those are no sparks in fact

Much appears to us
As it's not in fact
And even if we see the illusion
We do not accept it

We are weak and vain creatures
If we're in fact the image of God
Then God is weak and vain
And we do not understand him

*

Moments of radical change
I had not often such a feeling
Not as my grandmother died
And in no way, in such moments as the "Wiedervereinigung"

But today I have the feeling
That something has happened
The beginning
It will gain speed from now on

The next years will be years of dramatic change
And I have to accept it
I have to try to handle it
And I'm afraid of it

Let me light up one last candle
But I cannot say goodbye
But we will never meet again
No such thing as heaven, Mrs. Grant

Give me a reason to be
I would know one
But I fear
I will never reach it

So
Be humble
The time of radical change has begun
Dream about your thirteenth beach in Portugal

I'm weak
And not strong
I have not more to offer
Not more, not more

Reaching A Crossroad

Not for the first time
I write about the crossroad
In recent times
But I have to decide

I quarrel with my writing
Not for the first time as well
To write fictional stories
Like "Arnold" or "Solaris II"

"Solaris II"
The entity on Solaris II can be dangerous
Or maybe only lonely
I can do whatever I want to do

But this seems not to be satisfying
Not for me
Because this is not the real world
The real world functions not like this

"Days" seems to be more the way
Would reflect on the last years
2017 until 2023
And the eighteen-year-old in Dover

Okay
I have nothing to decide right now
But it has to be the topic
And not only this

*

I'm exhausted
Earlier upload
Some sleep
A new day tomorrow

I have the fear of losing control.

So They Say

The days after
So they say
Are harder than the days before
I can agree

Was at the chapel again
To look through the window
In the room
To see it empty

Of course
No coffin anymore
No mother
All is gone

There will be an urn
To get buried
Well, it's difficult
But wouldn't it be sad, would it be easy?

Early working, the next two days
Not so many hours
The last jazz concert
Before the summer break

No concerts for eight weeks
We will see
I feel totally empty
I need time to understand

Today?
Do not know
I would like to sleep
For a hundred years

Life goes on, so they say.

Write Me A Novel

Would it be my task now, to write a novel about my mother's life? Well, interesting enough, easy to dramatize, could be Hollywood stuff.

Born in 1940, during WWII. The first years were very hard, her father was fighting on the eastern front. After school she had to work with her mother and her older brother in the fields. She had a best girlfriend, and a kind of gang. If possible, they used the few leisure hours for mischief. After the war, her father came back very late, after a long time as a POW, she could not accept that this man should be her father. He had changed dramatically, no longer looking as he did in the few existing pictures.

She met her later husband, and they married in the same year their first child was born, a daughter. Her husband was from a neighboring town, and they moved into her parents' home. The parents lived on the upper floor, they lived on the lower floor. Her father died not that long thereafter. Sure, her husband worked, and she had also worked for a while after school but then raised her children. A son was born a few years later. But now, after her father had died, her mother decided to eat downstairs, no longer cooking upstairs for her alone. She also started to run the household for everyone. For this reason, my mother decided to go to work again because two were not necessary for cooking and other matters.

Her dream was to be a gardener, but she started at a company that was in town and produced baby food. Later, this company was inherited by a company next door that produced canned food and more. First, she worked as an assistant in their laboratory, but she was always interested in approving her situation. She finally got an evaluator for fruits and vegetables and traveled for her company in various European countries.

It was no easy job, often started at 4 AM, made many overtime. And after work, the large garden waited, an ocean of flowers, fruits and vegetables in brought variation. And, she always had plans to improve the house, a very old house, to make it larger and more comfortable. She could not rest for a day, but beginning health issues started to change this.

Her mother had died at home, had suffered from dementia, she had cared for her. But also she had mounting health problems, especially with her back. A surgery should have helped, but it did not function well, the result was a cut nerve, and she had to wear a corset. And, also she started to suffer from dementia.

She was aware of it, knew it from her mother, tried to cover it, not accepted it, as well as the fact that she was no longer able to work in the garden as in former times. That fact did not make it easier for the people around her, as she lost more and more control over her life and tried not to accept it. At a certain point, it was no longer possible, even with the help of the nursing service, to care for her at home.

Her husband had tried everything, some years older than she, but often she was simply not willing that others help her. The last few years she spent in a retirement home, and the dementia got severer all the time. She died a week and a day ago, ate and drank no longer, and died asleep. It could be a fine novel, a movie even.

Writing Novels

I think that I have to write novels
I have to prepare to
After retirement
I haven't found my way of writing right now

I also have the feeling that I should have photography as my second main focus
It's easy today
So many possibilities
Do I see my path

I feel paralyzed
But I also have the feeling
That I simply have to let it happen
It has to be

My mother died
How should I feel
It's not normality
And this is good

A defining moment
I should close my eyes
And inhale the feelings and mood of the moment
No reason to run away

Early upload
Early to bed
I need the time to give my mind the possibility of dealing with it
Whatever the outcome will be

A new monthly picture next week, but nothing kitschy, I hope.

No Writing

No writing today
I do not know what and why
It would make no sense
Give it time

It changes
My mood
The funeral at tenth
A very short workday tomorrow

No mood for jazz
But maybe some writing?
An upload in any case
I have to find my way back

I feel like an idiot
Like a fool
But okay
It's a difficult time

Time
Time is all you need
But some cuts are very deep
A severe scar in any case

I feel alone, but I could not bare someone too near to me.

Monthly Picture

Made a new monthly picture
For Saturday
Fixed two appointments
I'm getting more active again

No jazz club
I'm not in the mood
And I feel
It's good to give myself some quiet time

I would say
From next week on, I can start again
There's no reason to hurry
Several years of time

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I still quarrel with how to write stories
I have no good idea
"Days" is good
But how to reflect on the current developments?

The detective topic seems increasingly in question
And if
Then as real hard-boiled
In the old-fashioned way

"Den"
The comic books
A person, maybe living in Germany, in his daydreams, a tough private dick in today's L.A.?
Cleaning up the filthy pigpen named USA?

A dumb idea?
Or perhaps a solution?
Not now,
But possibly for the next cycle of writing?

*

Okay
I see a way
Developments
Keep cool

Could it be
I'm not sure
The moment of setting directions
In various aspects

Give it a bit more time
Free rein
My feelings and emotions
My mind

It's this feeling,
What could go wrong?
It's my life,
And one day it will be over.

Cincinnati Kid
A chance
All in
And even if you're the loser, you tried it

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I'm not certain about how to continue
But I will
And nothing can go wrong
As I started to write

Some years ago
I never expected anything like my current webpage
What more could be possible over the next years?
Let us wait and see

I begin therewith being able to handle it.

Not So Bad

Today
But enough for today
Early upload again
Early to bed

I need time to come to terms with everything
And I do this very well while sleeping
Tomorrow?
Only a small upload, most likely

Good impetus today
One or two weeks?
After the funeral?
I think I will say some words

But not today
Slowly
I am eating a lot currently
But this is okay

I think that the worst could be behind me.

A Step

Today was a step forward
I feel somewhat more relaxed
I think that I know what to say at the funeral
Saturday, tomorrow, more to do, but Sunday should be easier

Sunday, working until 4 PM
This should be the starting point
For resuming writing
"Days" would be no bad idea

Important will be
How Monday and Tuesday will unfold
What the outcome will be
I feel, in a way, excited again

The funeral soon.
And then?
And today?
Some writing after midnight?

I would be in the constitution again
To write after midnight
But I'm not sure what
Not "Days", "Days" is something for days with more time

"Arnold"?
"Solaris II"
Both I see critical at the moment
Maybe a very long sleep?

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Timeless moments pop up
Hitting an unstable mood
Yet, not much would be needed to help
A few dead Russians could be enough

Sure
They would have to have the right names
And their dying should not too fast or painless
But hoping for justice in this world?

In this universe
So extreme forces
So extreme phenomenons
And we do really think that we would be in any way powerful?

On earth alone
Nature is overwhelmingly mightier than the human's insanity
We're such ludicrous creatures
It would be easy to overcome us in a one-on-one battle for many animals

A giraffe, for instance
We would have no chance
They even fight with lions
We're such ludicrous creatures

In a way, I feel better - waiting for Sunday.